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THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY MARK TWAIN
HALT, MURDERERS!
YOU SHALL NOT BEHEAD THAT BOY! SO SWEARS MILES HENDON!
AN EPIC SWORDS-AND-DEATH ADVENTURE!

STAN LEE presents

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

by Mark Twain

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (pen name Mark Twain) was born in Florida on November 30, 1835. His father died when he was twelve and Twain left school to become a printer. During his formative years and throughout the rest of his life, he traveled widely and wrote prodigiously of his experiences with the many types of humanity he encountered along the way.

It was while writing his travel books that Twain gained the necessary experience and polish that would later serve him so well on the novels his reputation is justly built upon. INNOCENTS ABROAD (1869), LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI (1883), and FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR (1869), are three of the most famous travelogues he composed, all exhibiting Twain's devastating wit and satiric glare.

While Twain's early work was episodic in nature, his novels are powerful narratives with strong, underlying themes. THE GILDED AGE (1873), was his first attempt at the novel format. It was a scathing satire on American post-Civil War society. Following that, Twain penned his most renowned works, including TOM SAWYER (1876), HUCKLEBERRY FINN (1884), and PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (1881). The latter novel focuses on Edward VI, a boy who was king of England, and Tom Canty, a poor boy who resembled him. The novel is typical of many of the historical pieces of Twain's time in structure, although the sophistication of Twain's satirical barbs set it stunningly apart.

The last fifteen years of Twain's life were bitter and unhappy. A financial crisis and the deaths of his wife and favorite daughter had a lasting pejorative effect on him. His later works largely reflect his evolution into despair, especially LETTERS TO EARTH, a collection of acerbic essays dealing with Man's ultimately selfish nature and desires. He died on April 21, 1910.

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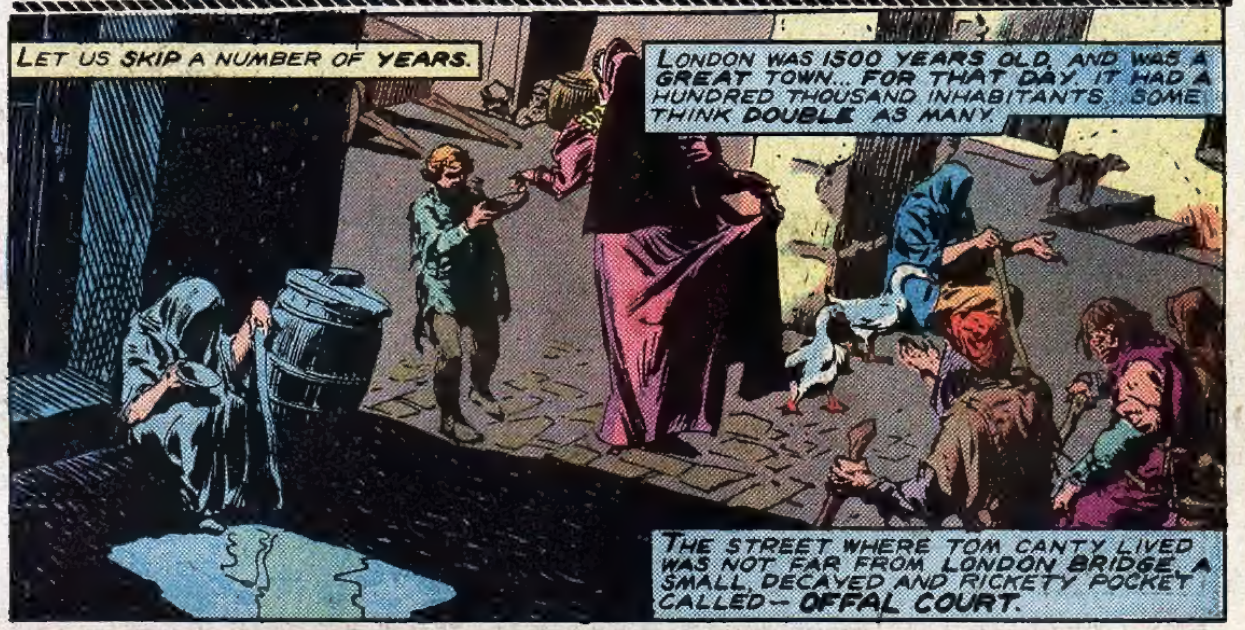
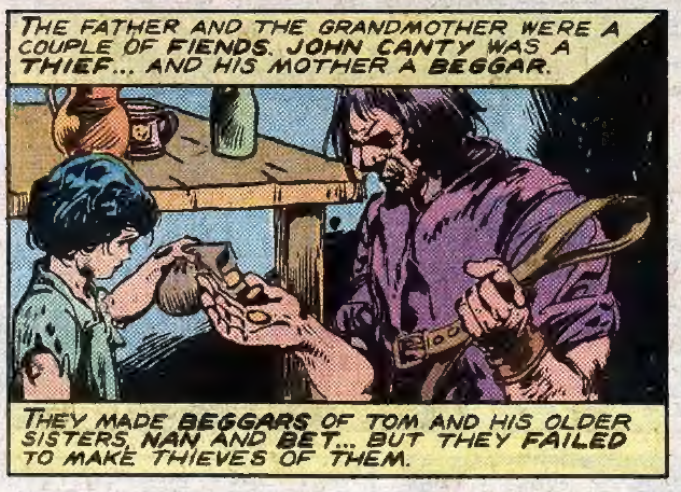
the P-R-I-N-C-E and the P-A-U-P-E-R

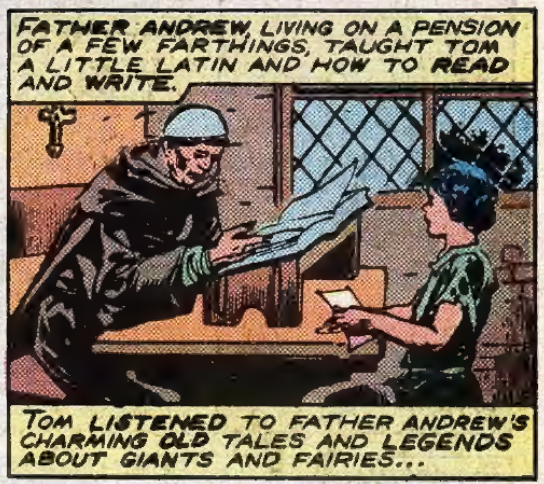
I WILL SET DOWN A TALE AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME BY ONE WHO HAD IT OF HIS FATHER...WHICH LATTER HAD IT OF HIS FATHER--
IT MAY BE HISTORY, IT MAY BE ONLY A LEGEND...A TRADITION.
IT MAY HAVE HAPPENED...IT MAY NOT HAVE HAPPENED...BUT IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.
--THIS LAST HAVING IN LIKE MANNER HAD IT OF HIS FATHER, AND SO ON, BACK AND STILL BACK, THREE HUNDRED YEARS AND MORE.
IT MAY BE THAT THE WISE AND THE LEARNED BELIEVED IT IN THE OLD DAYS;...IT MAY BE THAT ONLY THE UNLEARNED AND THE SIMPLE LOVED IT AND CREDITED IT.

IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF LONDON ON A CERTAIN AUTUMN DAY IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE 16TH CENTURY, A BOY WAS BORN TO A POOR FAMILY OF THE NAME OF CANTY, WHO DID NOT WANT HIM.
ON THE SAME DAY ANOTHER ENGLISH CHILD WAS BORN TO A RICH FAMILY OF THE NAME OF TUDOR, WHO DID WANT HIM. ALL OF ENGLAND WANTED HIM TOO.
ENGLAND HAD SO LONGED FOR HIM... AND HOPED FOR HIM... AND PRAYED GOD FOR HIM THAT NOW THAT HE WAS REALLY COME THE PEOPLE WENT NEARLY MAD FOR JOY.
LONG LIVE THE PRINCE
THERE WAS NO TALK IN ALL OF ENGLAND BUT OF THE NEW BABY... EDWARD TUDOR, PRINCE OF WALES, WHO LAY LAPPED IN SILKS AND SATINS, UNCONSCIOUS OF ALL THIS FUSS.
BUT THERE WAS NO TALK ABOUT THE OTHER BABY... TOM CANTY... LAPPED IN HIS POOR RAGS--
--EXCEPT AMONG THE FAMILY OF PAUPERS WHOM HE HAD JUST COME TO TROUBLE WITH HIS PRESENCE.

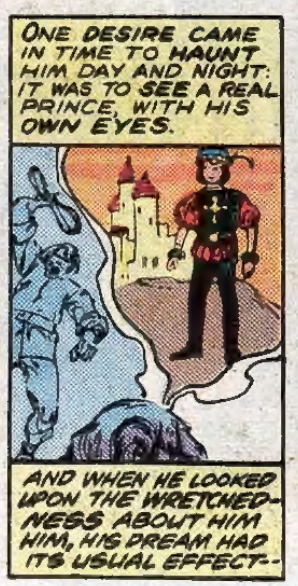
P·A·U·P·E·R

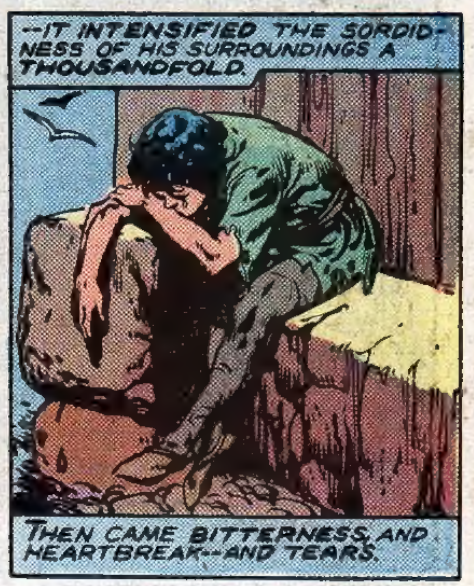

LET US SKIP A NUMBER OF YEARS.
LONDON WAS 1500 YEARS OLD AND WAS A GREAT TOWN... FOR THAT DAY IT HAD A HUNDRED THOUSAND INHABITANTS. SOME THINK DOUBLE AS MANY.
THE STREET WHERE TOM CANTY LIVED WAS NOT FAR FROM LONDON BRIDGE, A SMALL, DECAYED AND RICKETY POCKET CALLED — OFFAL COURT.


THE FATHER AND THE GRANDMOTHER WERE A COUPLE OF FIENDS. JOHN CANTY WAS A THIEF... AND HIS MOTHER A BEGGAR.
THEY MADE BEGGARS OF TOM AND HIS OLDER SISTERS, NAN AND BET... BUT THEY FAILED TO MAKE THIEVES OF THEM.


FATHER ANDREW, LIVING ON A PENSION OF A FEW FARTHINGS, TAUGHT TOM A LITTLE LATIN AND HOW TO READ AND WRITE.
TOM LISTENED TO FATHER ANDREW'S CHARMING OLD TALES AND LEGENDS ABOUT GIANTS AND FAIRIES...

HIS HEAD GREW TO BE FULL OF THESE WONDERFUL THINGS--
--AND MANY A NIGHT AS HIS STARVING MOTHER STEALTHILY SLIPPED HIM A CRUST OF BREAD SHE DENIED HERSELF-- TOM UNLEASHED HIS IMAGINATION AND SOON FORGOT HIS ACHES.


ONE DESIRE CAME IN TIME TO HAUNT HIM DAY AND NIGHT: IT WAS TO SEE A REAL PRINCE, WITH HIS OWN EYES.
AND WHEN HE LOOKED UPON THE WRETCHEDNESS ABOUT HIM HIM, HIS DREAM HAD ITS USUAL EFFECT--


--IT INTENSIFIED THE SORDIDNESS OF HIS SURROUNDINGS A THOUSANDFOLD.
THEN CAME BITTERNESS AND HEARTBREAK--AND TEARS.

TOM GOT UP HUNGRY AND SAUNTERED HUNGRY AWAY... BUT WITH HIS THOUGHTS BUSY WITH THE SHADOWY SPLENDORS OF HIS NIGHT'S DREAMS.
HE IDLED DOWN A QUIET ROAD PAST THE GREAT CARDINAL'S STATELY PALACE, TOWARD A FAR MORE MIGHTY AND MAJESTIC PALACE BEYOND... WESTMINSTER.
TOM SAW THE SIGNS OF ENGLISH NOBILITY. WAS THE DESIRE OF HIS SOUL TO BE SATISFIED AT LAST? HERE INDEED WAS A KING'S PALACE. MIGHT HE NOT HOPE TO SEE A PRINCE NOW--
--A PRINCE OF FLESH AND BLOOD, IF HEAVEN WERE WILLING?
TOM CAUGHT SIGHT THROUGH THE GOLDEN BARS OF A SPECTACLE THAT ALMOST MADE HIM SHOUT FOR JOY.
HE WAS PRINCE, A LIVING PRINCE, A REAL PRINCE...WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF A QUESTION.
MIND THY MANNERS, THOU YOUNG BEGGAR!
HOW DARST THOU USE A POOR LAD LIKE THAT!
THE LITTLE PRINCE OF POVERTY, AS TOM WAS KNOWN IN OFFAL COURT, JOINED HANDS WITH THE PRINCE OF LIMITLESS PLENTY.
THOU LOOKEST TIRED AND HUNGRY... THOU'ST BEEN TREATED ILL.
COME WITH ME.

PRINCE EDWARD TOOK TOM TO A RICH APARTMENT IN THE PALACE, WHICH HE CALLED HIS CABINET.
BY EDWARD'S COMMAND A REPAST WAS BROUGHT SUCH AS TOM HAD NEVER ENCOUNTERED BEFORE... EXCEPT IN BOOKS.
WHAT IS THY NAME, LAD?
TOM CANTY AN' IT PLEASE THEE, SIR.
HAST THEE PARENTS?
PARENTS HAVE I, SIR, AND A GRANDAM LIKEWISE... ALSO TWIN SISTERS, NAN AND BET.

MY GRANDAM HAS A WICKED HEART AND WORKETH EVIL ALL OF HER DAYS. SHE GIVES ME GOODLY BEATINGS.

BEATINGS!
AND THOU SO FRAIL AND LITTLE. TELL ME MORE OF THIS PLACE YOU LIVE.

IT IS A BRIEF HAPPINESS, BUT WILL BE NOT LESS KEEN FOR THAT.
AH, GOOD YOUR WORSHIP REQUIRE ME NOT TO ANSWER.
WHAT DOST THOU MAKE OF THIS?
THEN I WILL UTTER IT. FARED WE BOTH NAKED THERE IS NONE COULD SAY WHICH WAS YOU--
--AND WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES!

IF ONE SURVIVES THE BEATINGS AND HUNGER, SIR, WE WADE AND SWIM IN THE CANALS, AND EACH DOTH DUCK HIS NEIGHBOR, AND DIVE AND SHOUT--
'TWOULD BE WORTH MY FATHER'S KINGDOM BUT TO ENJOY SUCH ONCE. IF I COULD REVEL IN THE MUD JUST ONCE, WITH NONE TO REBUKE ME!

AND IF I COULD CLOTHE ME ONCE, SWEET SIR, AS THOU ART CLAD...
OHO! WOULDST LIKE IT? THEN SO SHALL IT BE! DOFF THY RAGS AND DON THESE SPLENDORS, LAD!

AND NOW THAT I AM CLOTHED AS THOU WERT CLOTHED, IT SEEMETH I SHOULD BE ABLE THE MORE NEARLY TO FEEL AS THOU DIDST WHEN THE BRUTE SOLDIER...
HARK YE! IS NOT THIS A BRUISE UPON YOUR HAND!
YES, BUT IT IS A SLIGHT THING--
IT WAS A SHAMEFUL THING... AND CRUEL! STIR NOT A STEP TILL I COME AGAIN!
IT IS A COMMAND!
OPEN! UNBAR THE GATES!
TAKE THAT, THOU BEGGAR'S SPAWN... FOR WHAT THOU GOT'ST ME FROM HIS HIGHNESS!
BE OFF, THOU CRAZY RUBBISH!
I AM THE PRINCE OF WALES, MY PERSON IS SACRED--
--AND THOU SHALT HANG FOR LAYING A HAND ON ME... UHMH!

P-R-I-N-C-E

AS NIGHT DREW TO A CLOSE THAT DAY, THE PRINCE FOUND HIMSELF FAR DOWN IN THE CLOSE-BUILT PORTION OF THE CITY. HIS BODY WAS BRUISED--

--HIS HANDS WERE BLEEDING... AND HIS RAGS WERE ALL BESMIRCHED BY MUD.

WHEN I AM KING, THEY SHALL NOT HAVE BREAD AND SHELTER ONLY--

--FOR A FULL BELLY IS LITTLE WORTH WHERE THE MIND IS STARVED--

--AND THE HEART.

LEARNING SOFTENETH THE HEART AND BREEDETH GENTLENESS--

OUT TO THIS TIME OF NIGHT AGAIN, AND HAST NOT BROUGHT A FARTHING HOME, I WARRANT ME!

IF IT BE SO... AN' I DO NOT BREAK ALL THE BONES IN THY LEAN BODY...THEN I AM NOT JOHN CANTY BUT SOME OTHER.

TAKE ME TO THE KING MY FATHER AND HE WILL MAKE THEE RICH BEYOND THY WILDEST DREAMS.

OH, ART THOU HIS FATHER, TRULY? SWEET HEAVEN GRANT IT BE SO... AWWWWW!

HIS FATHER? I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU MEANEST... BUT I KNOW I AM THY FATHER, AS THOU SHALT HAVE CAUSE TO--

SCRUNGE

--AND CHARITY...

ARKHH!

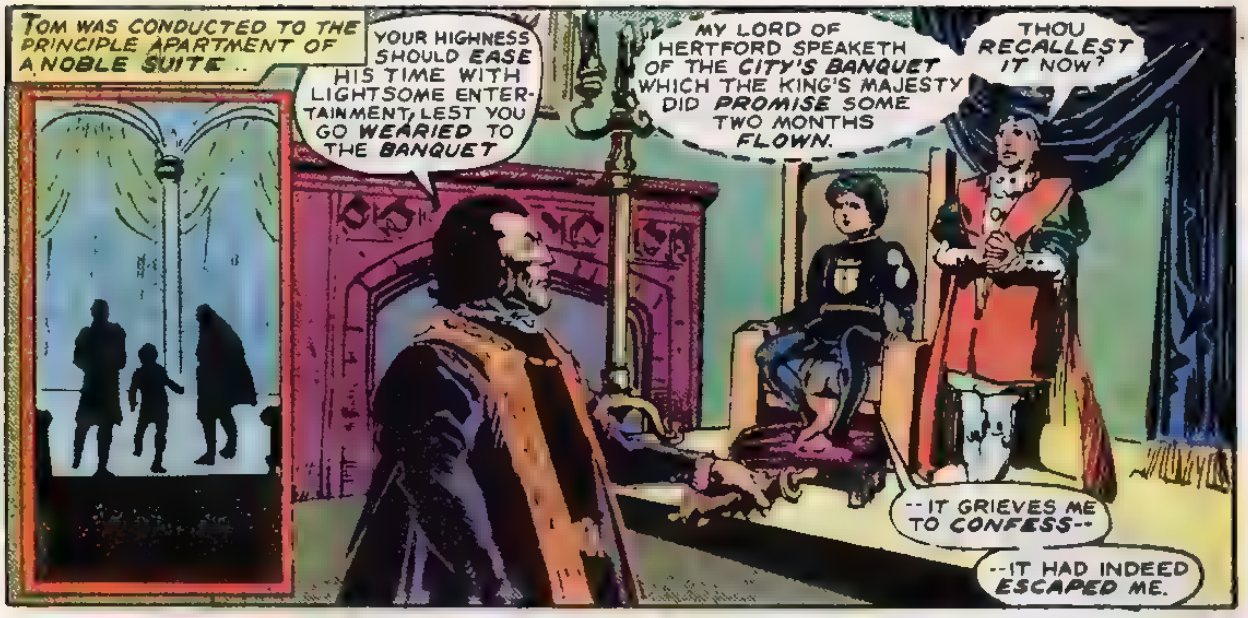
SWARCKK

YOU'VE GONE STARK MAD AS ANY TOM O' BEDLAM!

BUT MAD OR NO MAD, I AND THY GRAMMER CANTY WILL SOON FIND WHERE THE SOFT PLACES IN THY BONES LIE... OR I'M NO TRUE MAN!

P·A·U·P·E·R

THERE WAS SILENCE IN THE GREAT ROOM AS TOM FACED THE STERN-COUNTENANCED INVALID...
...THE DREAD HENRY VIII!
YOUR KING DEMANDS TO KNOW WHAT LIES BEHIND THIS RUMOR THAT THE PRINCE HAS GONE MAD.
ALACK! I HAD BELIEVED THE RUMOR DISPROPORTIONED TO THE TRUTH, BUT I FEAR 'TIS NOT SO.
THOU THE KING? THEN AM I UNDONE INDEED!
I PRAY THEE GRACE, BELIEVE ME! I AM THE MEANEST AMONG THY SUBJECTS... BEING A PAUPER BORN... AND 'TIS BY MISCHANCE I AM HERE.
I DID NOTHING BLAMEFUL, SIRE. I AM BUT TOO YOUNG TO DIE... AND THOU CANST SAVE ME WITH ONE LITTLE WORD!
DIE? TALK NOT SO, SWEET PRINCE.
PEACE TO THY TROUBLED HEART.
HOW LONG MIGHT HE LIVE, BUT FOR ME?
I KNOW THY HEART IS STILL THE SAME, EVEN THOUGH THY MIND HATH SUFFERED HURT, FOR THOU WERT EVER OF A GENTLE SPIRIT.
THIS MY SON IS MAD... BUT IT IS NOT PERMANENT. OVERSTUDY HATH DONE THIS... AWAY WITH HIS BOOKS AND TEACHERS.
HE IS MAD... BUT HE IS MY SON AND ENGLAND'S HEIR... AND MAD OR SANE... STILL SHALL HE REIGN!
LORD HERTFORD, THIS VERY MORROW SHALL HE BE INSTALLED IN HIS PRINCELY DIGNITY.
BUT THE KING'S MAJESTY KNOWETH THAT THE HEREDITARY GREAT MARSHALL OF ENGLAND OBJECTETH.
INSULT NOT MINE EARS WITH HIS HATED NAME! IS THIS MAN TO LIVE FOREVER?
WARN MY PARLIAMENT TO BRING ME NORFOLK'S DOOM BEFORE THE SUN RISE AGAIN!
AND TURN WHERE HE WOULD, TOM SEEMED TO SEE THE SEVERED HEAD OF THE GREAT DUKE OF NORFOLK.


TOM WAS CONDUCTED TO THE PRINCIPLE APARTMENT OF A NOBLE SUITE..
YOUR HIGHNESS SHOULD EASE HIS TIME WITH LIGHTSOME ENTERTAINMENT, LEST YOU GO WEARIED TO THE BANQUET
MY LORD OF HERTFORD SPEAKETH OF THE CITY'S BANQUET WHICH THE KING'S MAJESTY DID PROMISE SOME TWO MONTHS FLOWN.
THOU RECALLEST IT NOW?
--IT GRIEVES ME TO CONFESS--
--IT HAD INDEED ESCAPED ME.

ANNOUNCING THE LADY ELIZABETH, AND THE LADY JEAN GREY.

I PRAY YE, LADIES, SEEM NOT TO OBSERVE HIS HUMORS, NOR SHOW SURPRISE WHEN HIS MEMORY DOTH LAPSE.
IT WILL GRIEVE YOU TO NOTE HOW IT DOTH STICK AT EVERY TRIFLE.

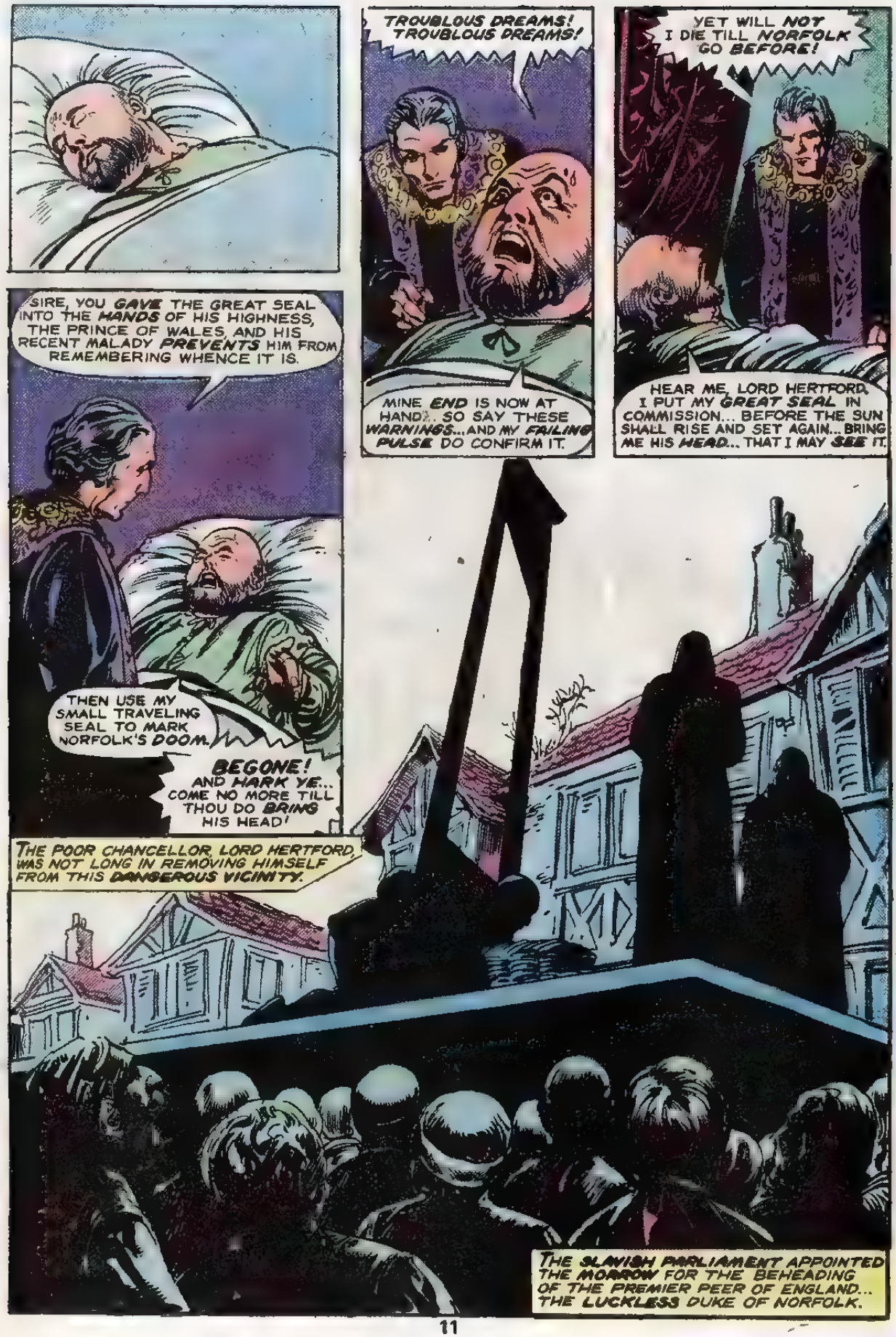
PLEASE, SIR, REMEMBER ALL THOU CANST...
...SEEM TO REMEMBER ALL ELSE

TOM SIGNIFIED ASSENT, FOR HE WAS ALREADY LEARNING, AND IN HIS SIMPLE MIND HE WAS RESOLVED TO ACQUIT HIMSELF AS BEST HE COULD...
WE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE BANQUET, MY BROTHER.

THE KING IS NEAR HIS END. MY NEPHEW IS MAD.. MAD WILL MOUNT THE THRONE... AND MAD REMAIN.
GOD PROTECT ENGLAND, SINCE SHE WILL NEED IT!
I AM SO LOATH TO WORD THE THING THAT IS IN MY MIND... BUT CRAVING PARDON IF I DO OFFEND... IT HAUNTETH ME. HIS SAYING HE WAS NOT THE PRINCE AND SO...

THOU UTTEREST TREASON, LORD ST JOHN THE KING COMMANDED NO FURTHER MENTION OF HIS MALADY.
I WAS IN FAULT. I DO CONFESS IT. BETRAY ME NOT, AND I WILL THINK THIS THING-- NO MORE.

TOM WAS PRESENTLY CONDUCTED WITH MUCH STATE TO A SPACIOUS APARTMENT WHERE A TABLE WAS ALREADY SET FOR ONE.
THE TASTER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS THERE, PREPARED TO TASTE ANY SUSPICIOUS DISH UPON REQUIREMENT--
--AND RUN THE RISK OF BEING POISONED.
WHY THEY DID NOT USE A DOG OR A PLUMBER SEEMS STRANGE, BUT ALL THE WAYS OF ROYALTY ARE STRANGE THE HEREDITARY DIAPERER HAD BEEN WELL DRILLED THAT THE PRINCE WAS. TEMPORARILY...OUT OF HIS HEAD.
PRITHEE TAKE IT AWAY, LEST IN MINE UNHEEDFULNESS IT BE SOILED.
WHEN HE HAD FINISHED TOM FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH NUTS...BUT NOBODY APPEARED TO BE DISTURBED BY IT.
BY HIS OWN REQUEST OUR SMALL FRIEND WAS NOW CONDUCTED TO HIS PRIVATE CABINET, AND LEFT THERE ALONE TO HIS OWN DEVICES.
TOM PUT ON THE GAUNTLETS, THE PLUMED HELMET, AND SUCH OTHER PIECES AS HE COULD DON WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.
HE REMEMBERED THE NUTS HE HAD BROUGHT AWAY FROM DINNER...
HE SMILED AT THE JOY IT WOULD BE TO EAT THEM WITH NO CROWD TO EYE HIM--
--AND SOON HE WAS CRACKING NUTS AND FEELING ALMOST NATURALLY HAPPY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE GOD FOR HIS SINS HAD MADE HIM... A PRINCE.


TROUBLOUS DREAMS! TROUBLOUS DREAMS!
MINE END IS NOW AT HAND... SO SAY THESE WARNINGS... AND MY FAILING PULSE DO CONFIRM IT.
YET WILL NOT I DIE TILL NORFOLK GO BEFORE!
HEAR ME, LORD HERTFORD, I PUT MY GREAT SEAL IN COMMISSION... BEFORE THE SUN SHALL RISE AND SET AGAIN... BRING ME HIS HEAD... THAT I MAY SEE IT.
SIRE, YOU GAVE THE GREAT SEAL INTO THE HANDS OF HIS HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND HIS RECENT MALADY PREVENTS HIM FROM REMEMBERING WHENCE IT IS.
THEN USE MY SMALL TRAVELING SEAL TO MARK NORFOLK'S DOOM.
BEGONE! AND HARK YE... COME NO MORE TILL THOU DO BRING HIS HEAD!
THE POOR CHANCELLOR, LORD HERTFORD, WAS NOT LONG IN REMOVING HIMSELF FROM THIS DANGEROUS VICINITY.
THE SLAVISH PARLIAMENT APPOINTED THE MORROW FOR THE BEHEADING OF THE PREMIER PEER OF ENGLAND... THE LUCKLESS DUKE OF NORFOLK.

P-R-I-N-C-E

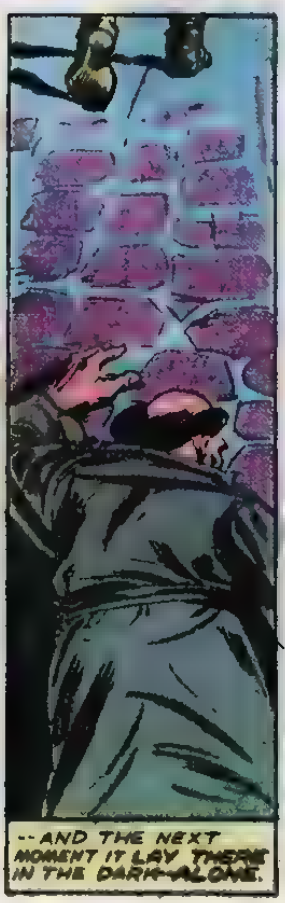
WE LEFT JOHN CANTY DRAGGING THE RIGHTFUL PRINCE INTO OFFAL COURT.
A NOISY AND DELIGHTED MOB WAS AT HIS HEELS.

THE PRINCE CONTINUED TO STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM, UNTIL JOHN CANTY LOST WHAT LITTLE PATIENCE WAS LEFT IN HIM--
--AND RAISED HIS OAKEN CUDGEL IN A SUDDEN FURY OVER THE PRINCE'S HEAD!

A HAND INTERVENED.
WHU
OCCKXXK

THOU'LT MEDDLE, WILT THOU!
THEN HAVE THY REWARD!
CRUNCH-KNK!

THE DIM FORM SANK TO THE GROUND AMONG THE FEET OF THE CROWD.


--AND THE NEXT MOMENT IT LAY THERE IN THE DARK-ALONE.

THE MOB PRESSED ON, THEIR ENJOYMENT NOTHING DISTURBED BY THIS EPISODE.

PRESENTLY THE PRINCE FOUND HIMSELF IN JOHN CANTY'S ABODE WITH THE DOOR CLOSED AGAINST OUTSIDERS.
NOW SAY THY FOOLERY AGAIN, WHO ART THOU?
I AM PRINCE EDWARD AND NONE OTHER.
TOM! TOM! O MY CHILD! SHAKE OFF THIS GRUESOME DREAM. AM I NOT THE MOTHER WHO BORE THEE AND LOVETH THEE?
I AM LOATH TO GRIEVE THY HEART... BUT TRULY--

--NEVER HAVE I LOOKED UPON THY FACE BEFORE

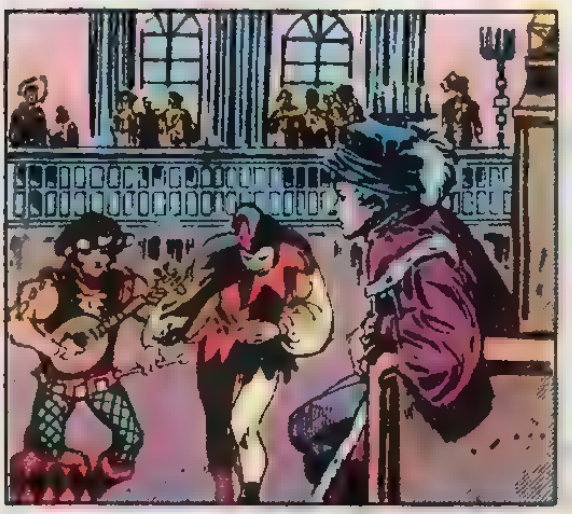
TOM'S MOTHER COULD NOT DESCRIBE IT YET HER SHARP MOTHER INSTINCT SEEMED TO PERCEIVE IT.
WHAT IF THE BOY WERE NOT HER SON AFTER ALL?

TO BED ALL OF YE. THIS ENTERTAINMENT HAS TIRED ME.

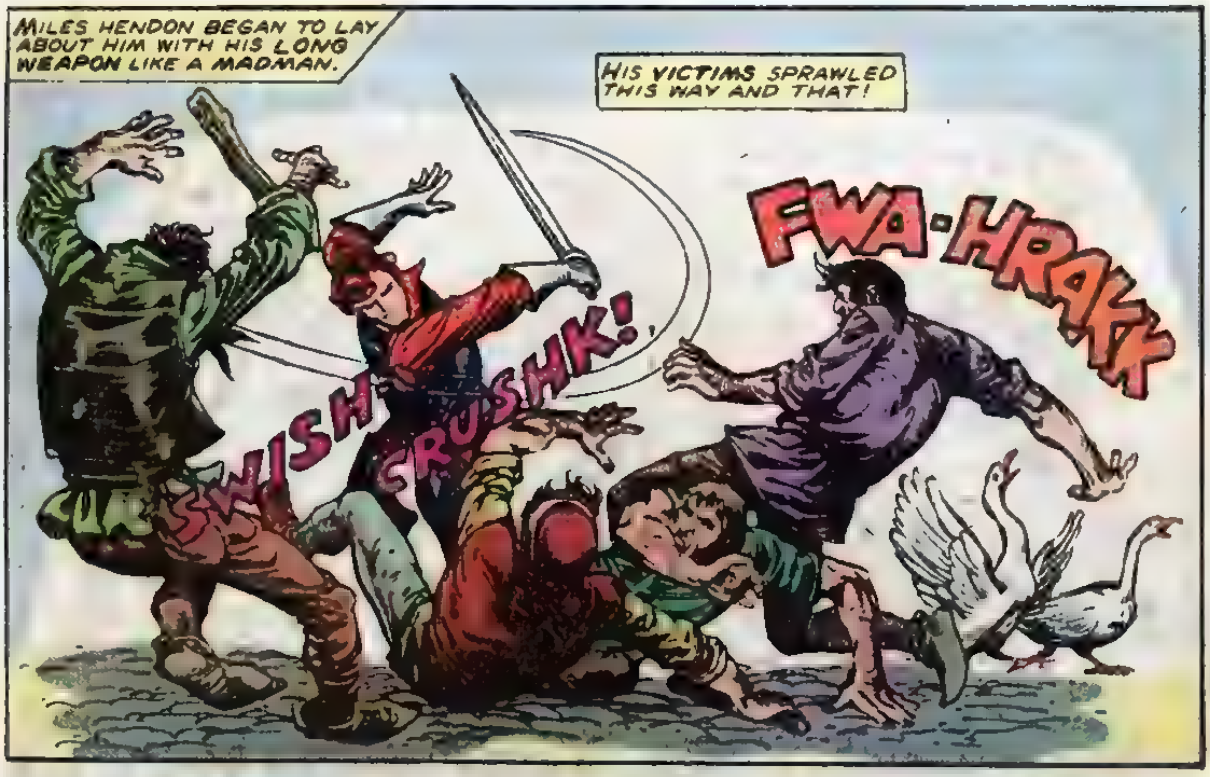
PRINCE EDWARD AWOKE, HOPING HE HAD HAD A FRIGHTSOME NIGHTMARE. HE REALIZED HE WAS NO LONGER A PETTED PRINCE WITH THE ADORING EYES OF A NATION UPON HIM. BUT A PAUPER, A PRISONER IN A DEN FIT ONLY FOR BEASTS.
THUCK!
THUCK!
WHO KNOCKETH?
KNOWEST THOU WHO IT WAS THOU LAID THY CUDGEL ON?
NEITHER KNOW I NOR CARE!
BELIKE THOU'LT CHANGE THY NOTE... 'TWAS THE PRIEST... FATHER ANDREW.
GOD-A-MERCY! UP WITH YE ALL AND FLY LEST WE PERISH!
MIND THY TONGUE THOU MAD FOOL! I WILL CHOOSE ME A NEW NAME TO THROW THE LAW'S DOGS OFF THE SCENT
PRINCE EDWARD HAD BUT ONE COURSE TO PURSUE... MAKE HIS WAY TO GUILDHALL WHERE THE IMPOSTER, TOM CANTY WAS BEING FEASTED.
HE ALSO MADE UP HIS MIND THAT TOM WOULD BE HANGED, DRAWN, AND QUARTERED--
--ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF THE DAY IN CASES OF HIGH TREASON.
THOU'LT NOT PASS TILL THOU'ST DRUNK TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

WHILE TOM, IN HIS HIGH SEAT, WAS GAZING UPON "WILD" DANCING OF THE FIGURES PRESENTED BEFORE HIM THE REAL PRINCE OF WALES WAS DENOUNCING THE IMPOSTER, AND CLAMORING FOR ADMISSION AT THE GATES OF GUILDHALL.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

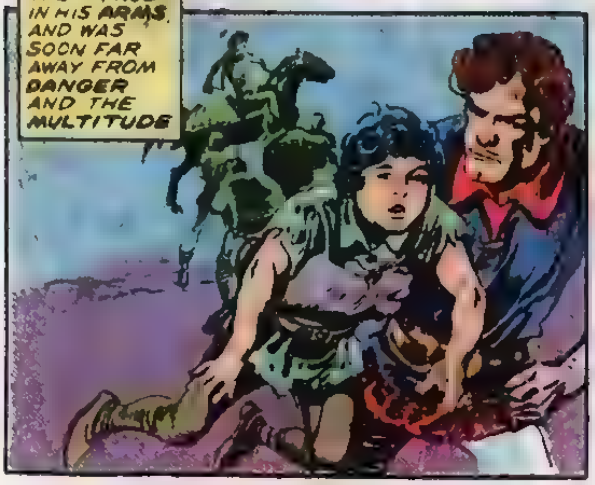


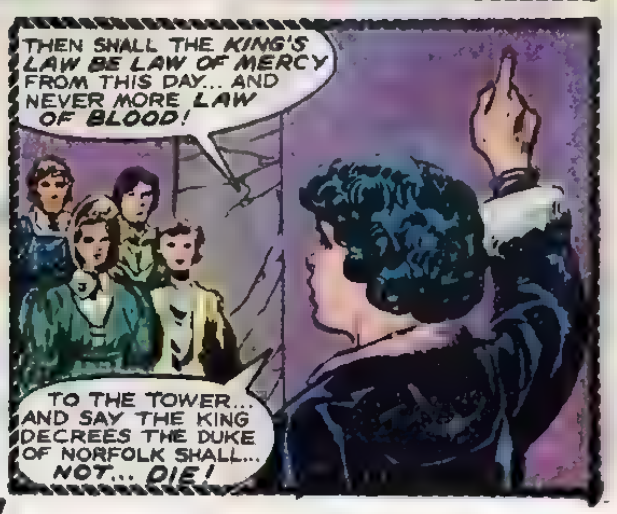
REST THY SMALL JAW, MY CHILD I TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THESE BASE KENNEL-RATS LIKE TO A VERY NATIVE.
THOUGH THOU BE PRINCE OR NO PRINCE, 'TIS ALL BUT ONE THOU BE'ST A GALLANT LAD. AND NOT FRIENDLESS EITHER!
'TIS ANOTHER PRINCE IN DISGUISE!
PLUCK THE LAD FROM HIM...TO THE HORSEPOND WI' THE CUB!
HERE STAND I BY THY SIDE TO PROVE IT--
--AND MIND I TELL THEE THOU MIGHTEST HAVE A WORSER FRIEND THAN MILES HENDON!
INSTANTLY THE STRANGER'S LONG SWORD WAS OUT--
KILL THE DOG!
KNU-SMACK
--AND THE MEDDLER WENT TO THE EARTH UNDER A SOUNDING THUMP WITH THE FLAT OF IT.
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!


MILES HENDON BEGAN TO LAY ABOUT HIM WITH HIS LONG WEAPON LIKE A MADMAN.
HIS VICTIMS SPRAWLED THIS WAY AND THAT!
FWA-HRAKK
SWISH
GRUSHK!

IT'S ONE OF THE KING'S MESSENGERS
THE KING IS DEAD! THE KING IS DEAD!

LONG LIVE THE KING! LONG LIVE THE KING!
LORD HERTFORD, ANSWER ME TRULY... UTTERED I A COMMAND THAT ONLY A KING HELD PRIVILEGE...WOULD SUCH COMMANDMANT BE OBEYED?
THY WORD IS LAW


THE BOLD STRANGER CAUGHT UP THE PRINCE IN HIS ARMS, AND WAS SOON FAR AWAY FROM DANGER AND THE MULTITUDE


THEN SHALL THE KING'S LAW BE LAW OF MERCY FROM THIS DAY... AND NEVER MORE LAW OF BLOOD!
TO THE TOWER... AND SAY THE KING DECREES THE DUKE OF NORFOLK SHALL... NOT... DIE!

P-R-I-N-C-E

MILES HENDON AND THE LITTLE PRINCE APPROACHED **LONDON BRIDGE**. THE BRIDGE WAS A SORT OF A **TOWN** TO ITSELF IT LOOKED UPON THE **TWO NEIGHBORS** WHICH IT LINKED TOGETHER. **LONDON AND SOUTHWARK**.. AS BEING WELL ENOUGH **SUBURBS**, BUT NOT OTHERWISE PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT. THE GREAT **HISTORY** OF THE BRIDGE FROM BEGINNING TO END WAS TOLD BY THOSE WHO HAD LIVED THERE FOR **CENTURIES**. THEY ALWAYS TALKED **BRIDGY TALK**... AND THOUGHT **BRIDGY THOUGHTS**.

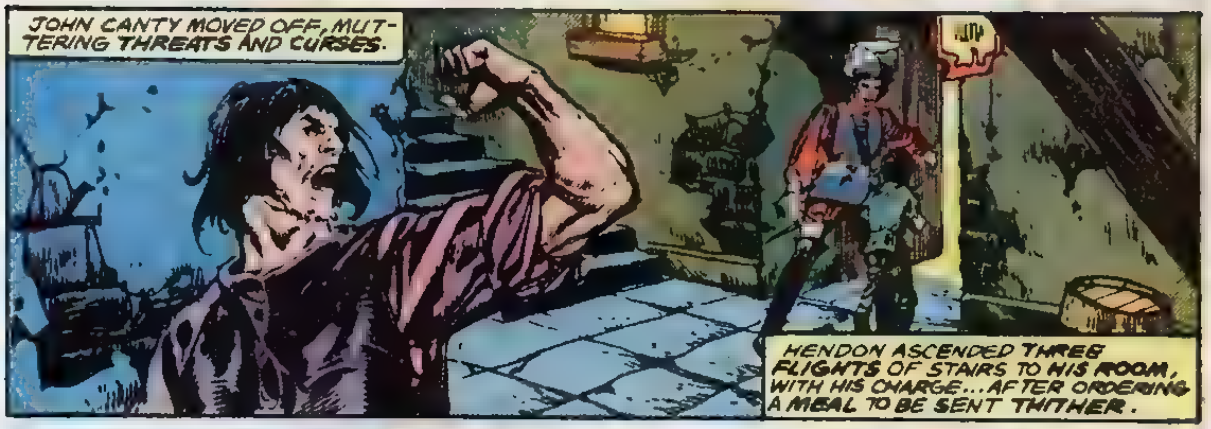
CHILDREN WERE BORN ON THE BRIDGE... WERE REARED THERE...
...GREW TO OLD AGE AND FINALLY DIED WITHOUT EVER HAVING SET A FOOT UPON ANY PART OF THE WORLD BUT LONDON BRIDGE ALONE

SO, THOU'RT COME AT LAST!
THOU'LT NOT ESCAPE AGAIN, IF POUNDING THY BONES TO A PUDDING CAN TEACH THEE SOMEWHAT. THOU'LT NOT KEEP US WAITING ANOTHER TIME, MAYHAP!

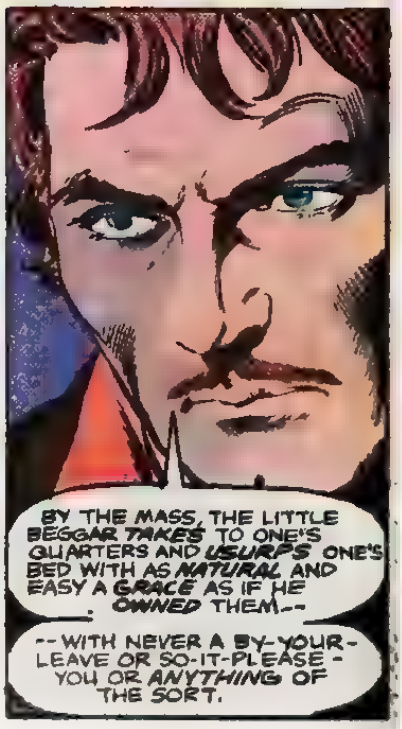
NOT TOO FAST, FRIEND. THOU ART NEEDLESSLY ROUGH, METHINKS WHAT IS THE LAD TO THEE?
IF IT BE ANY BUSINESS OF THINE TO MEDDLE IN OTHER'S AFFAIRS, HE IS MY SON!
'TIS A LIE!

BOLDLY SAID, AND I BELIEVE THEE, WHETHER THY SMALL HEADPIECE BE SOUND OR CRACKED, MY BOY.
HE SHALL NOT HAVE THEE TO BEAT AND ABUSE, ACCORDING TO HIS THREAT. SO THOU PREFER TO BIDE WITH ME?
I DO!

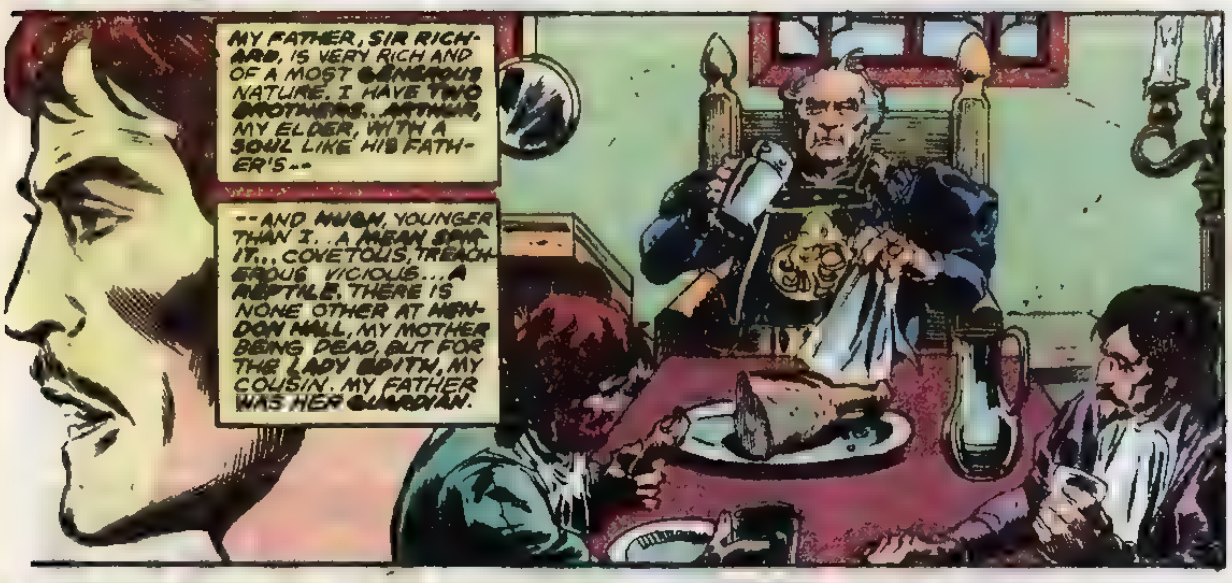
THEN 'TIS SETTLED, AND THERE IS NAUGHT MORE TO SAY.
SO GO THY WAYS, AND SET QUICK ABOUT IT--
--FOR I LIKE NOT MUCH BANDYING WORDS, BEING NOT OVERPATIENT IN MY NATURE.


JOHN CANTY MOVED OFF, MUTTERING THREATS AND CURSES.
HENDON ASCENDED THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO HIS ROOM, WITH HIS CHARGE... AFTER ORDERING A MEAL TO BE SENT THITHER.

PRITHEE CALL ME WHEN THE TABLE IS SPREAD.


BY THE MASS, THE LITTLE BEGGAR TAKES TO ONE'S QUARTERS AND USURPS ONE'S BED WITH AS NATURAL AND EASY A GRACE AS IF HE OWNED THEM.--
--WITH NEVER A BY-YOUR-LEAVE OR SO-IT-PLEASE-YOU OR ANYTHING OF THE SORT.

HIS INJURED MIND PERSUADES HIM HE IS A PRINCE, WHILST THE REAL PRINCE HATH BECOME A KING.
I MUST HUMOR THE POOR BOYS MADNESS AND IF MY OWN FATHER STILL LIVETH SINCE THE SEVEN YEARS I LAST SAW HIM, HE WILL TAKE THE BOY IN.
I WOULD KNOW THEE... TELL ME THY STORY.
'TIS NOT MUCH, YOUR MAJESTY, YET PERCHANCE IT MAY BEGUILE A SHORT HALF HOUR FOR WANT OF A BETTER.

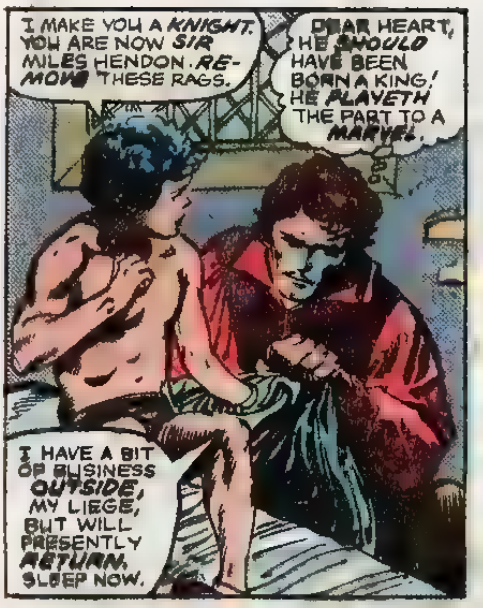

MY FATHER, SIR RICHARD, IS VERY RICH AND OF A MOST GENEROUS NATURE. I HAVE TWO BROTHERS... ARTHUR, MY ELDER, WITH A SOUL LIKE HIS FATHER'S...
--AND HUGH, YOUNGER THAN I. A MEAN SPIRIT... COVETOUS, TREACHEROUS, VICIOUS... A REPTILE. THERE IS NONE OTHER AT HENDON HALL, MY MOTHER BEING DEAD, BUT FOR THE LADY EDITH, MY COUSIN. MY FATHER WAS HER GUARDIAN.

"I LOVED THE LADY EDITH AND SHE LOVED ME... BUT SHE WAS BETROTHED TO ARTHUR FROM THE CRADLE.
ARTHUR LOVED ANOTHER MAID AND BADE US BE OF GOOD CHEER, AND HOPE THAT LUCK WOULD SOMEDAY GIVE SUCCESS TO OUR SEVERAL CAUSES.
HUGH LOVED THE LADY EDITH'S FORTUNE."

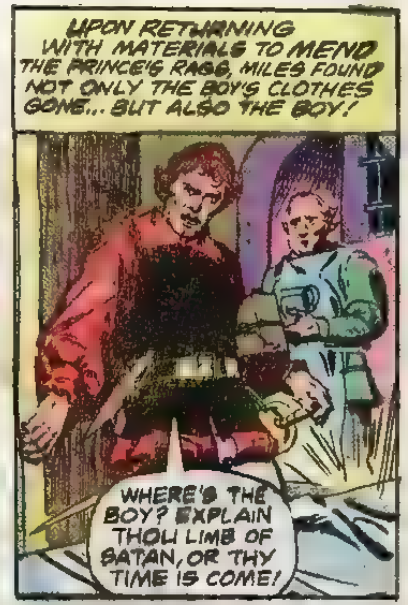
"I WAS WILD, THOUGH 'TWAS WILDNESS OF AN INNOCENT SORT... BUT HUGH MAGNIFIED MY FAULTS AND MADE THEM CRIMES.
"HUGH ENDED HIS BASE WOOING BY SECRETING A LADDER IN MY ROOM ...AND CONVINCING MY FATHER THAT I WAS MINDED TO CARRY OFF MY EDITH AND MARRY HER IN RANK DEFIANCE OF HIS WILL."

"ENGLAND MIGHT MAKE A SOLDIER AND A MAN OF ME, MY FATHER SAID. IN MY LAST BATTLE I WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE, AND A FOREIGN DUNGEON HARBORED ME FOR SEVEN YEARS."

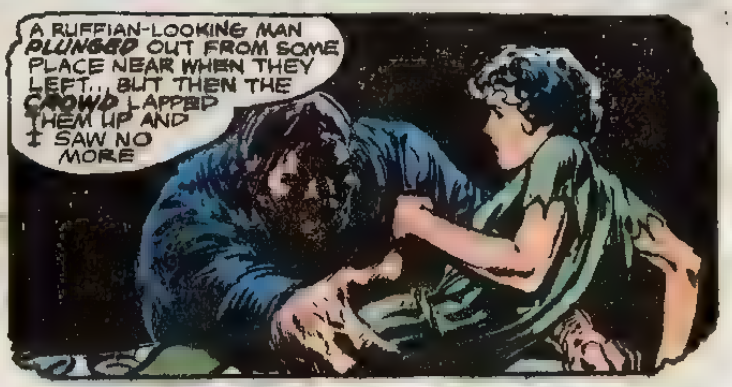
I AM BUT JUST ARRIVED BACK IN ENGLAND, RIGHT POOR IN PURSE, AND POORER STILL IN KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT HAS BEEN WROUGHT AT HENDON HALL.
THOU HAST BEEN SHAMEFULLY ABUSED!
BUT I WILL RIGHT THEE... BY THE CROSS I WILL! THE KING HATH SAID IT!


I MAKE YOU A KNIGHT. YOU ARE NOW SIR MILES HENDON. REMOVE THESE RAGS.
DEAR HEART, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN A KING! HE PLAYETH THE PART TO A MARVEL.
I HAVE A BIT OF BUSINESS OUTSIDE, MY LIEGE, BUT WILL PRESENTLY RETURN. SLEEP NOW.

I WILL HAVE TO PRETEND TILL MY POOR LAD'S WITS ARE CURED!
AND SO I AM BECOME A KNIGHT OF THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS AND SHADOWS! A MOST ODD POSITION FOR ONE SO MATTER-OF-FACT AS I.


UPON RETURNING WITH MATERIALS TO MEND THE PRINCE'S RAGS, MILES FOUND NOT ONLY THE BOY'S CLOTHES GONE... BUT ALSO THE BOY!
WHERE'S THE BOY? EXPLAIN THOU LIMB OF SATAN, OR THY TIME IS COME!

YOU WERE HARDLY GONE, YOUR WORSHIP, WHEN A YOUTH CAME RUNNING AND SAID IT WAS YOUR WORSHIP'S WILL THAT THE BOY COME TO YOU.
WHERE'S THE BOY? EXPLAIN, THOU LIMB OF SATAN, OR THY TIME IS COME!

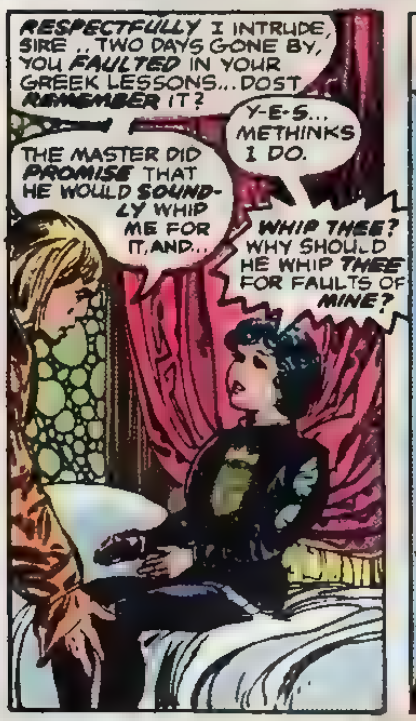

A RUFFIAN-LOOKING MAN PLUNGED OUT FROM SOME PLACE NEAR WHEN THEY LEFT... BUT THEN THE CROWD LAPPED THEM UP AND I SAW NO MORE

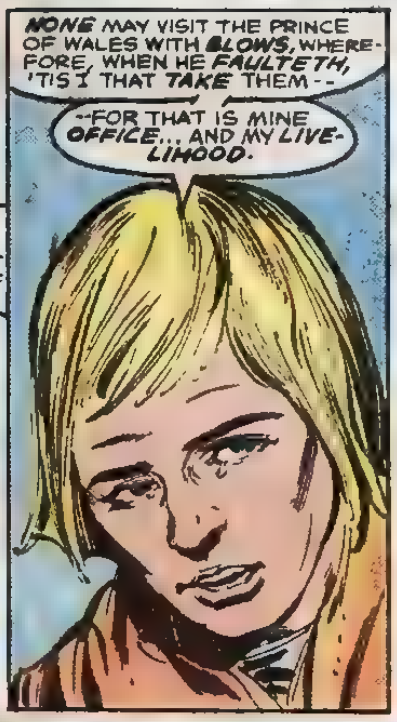
'TIS THAT SCURVY VILLAIN THAT CLAIMED HE WAS HIS SON. I HAVE LOST THEE, MY POOR LITTLE MAD MASTER.
AND HE ONLY WENT BECAUSE HE THOUGHT MILES HENDON ASKED IT, SWEET LAD.
HE WOULD NE'ER HAVE DONE IT FOR ANOTHER.

P-A-U-P-E-R

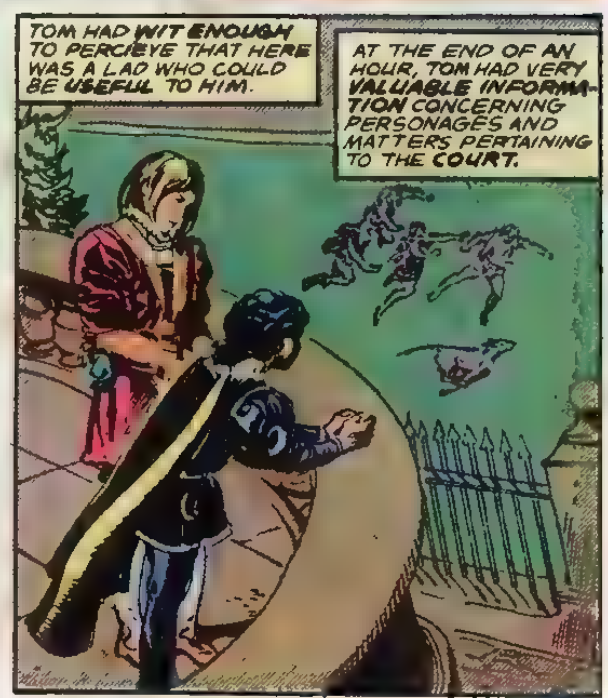
TOWARD DAY-LIGHT OF THE SAME MORNING, TOM CANTY STIRRED OUT OF A HEAVY SLEEP.
IN WHAT HAVE I OFFENDED, THAT THE GOOD GOD SHOULD TAKE ME AWAY FROM THE FREE AIR AND THE SUNSHINE--
TO SHUT ME UP HERE AND MAKE ME A KING... AND AF-FLICT ME SO?
RAP RAP RAP

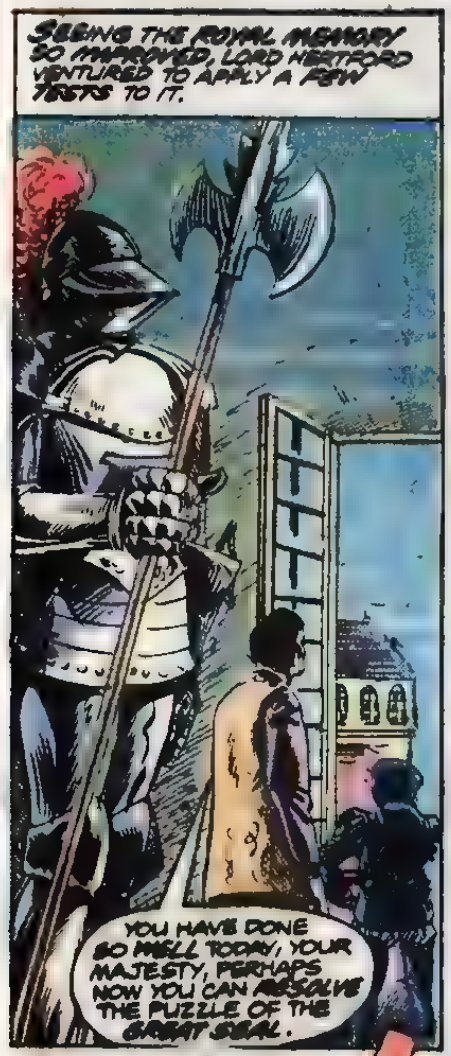
GOOD SIRE, NOW THAT YOU ARE KING... WILL I STILL BE YOUR WHIPPING BOY?
MY WHIPPING BOY?
THE SAME, YOUR GRACE. I AM HUM-PHREY... HUMPHREY MARLOW.


RESPECTFULLY I INTRUDE, SIRE... TWO DAYS GONE BY, YOU FAULTED IN YOUR GREEK LESSONS... DOST REMEMBER IT?
Y-E-S... METHINKS I DO.
THE MASTER DID PROMISE THAT HE WOULD SOUND-LY WHIP ME FOR IT, AND...
WHIP THEE? WHY SHOULD HE WHIP THEE FOR FAULTS OF MINE?


NONE MAY VISIT THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH BLOWS, WHERE-FORE, WHEN HE FAULTETH, 'TIS I THAT TAKE THEM--
--FOR THAT IS MINE OFFICE... AND MY LIVE-LIHOOD.

MY BACK IS MY BREAD, GRACIOUS LIEGE! IF IT GO IDLE...
I STARVE.
RISE, HUMPHREY MARLOW! THINE OFFICE SHALL BE PERMANENT IN THEE AND THY LINE FOREVER.

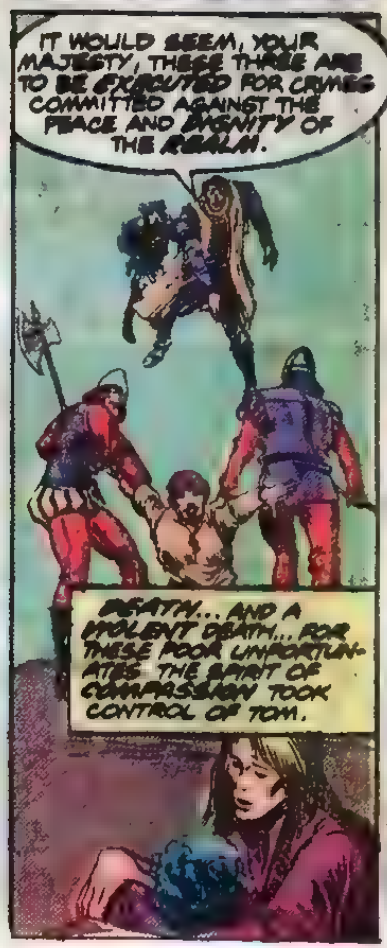

TOM HAD WIT ENOUGH TO PERCIEVE THAT HERE WAS A LAD WHO COULD BE USEFUL TO HIM.
AT THE END OF AN HOUR, TOM HAD VERY VALUABLE INFORMA-TION CONCERNING PERSONAGES AND MATTERS PERTAINING TO THE COURT.


SEEING THE ROYAL MEMORY SO IMPROVED, LORD HERTFORD VENTURED TO APPLY A FEW TESTS TO IT.
YOU HAVE DONE SO WELL TODAY, YOUR MAJESTY, PERHAPS NOW YOU CAN RESOLVE THE PUZZLE OF THE GREAT SEAL.

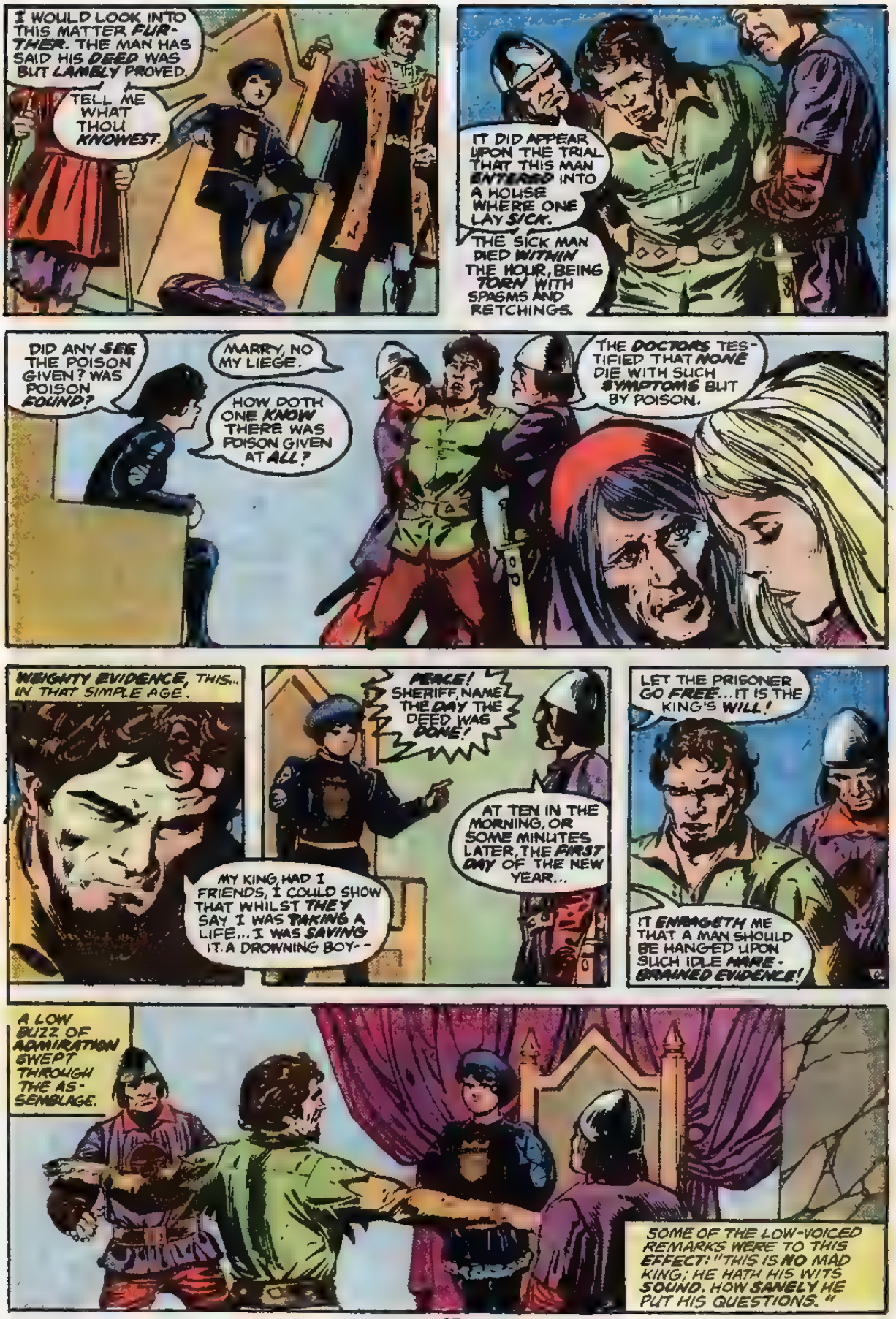
WHAT WAS IT LIKE, MY LORD?
ALACK, HIS WITS ARE FLOWN AGAIN! IT WAS ALL WISDOM TO LEAD HIM ON TO STRAIN THEM.

ONCE MORE TOM FELT THE SENSES OF CAPTIVITY UPON HIM. HE BECAME INTERESTED IN THE LIFE AND MOVEMENT OF THE GREAT HIGHWAY BEYOND THE PALACE GATES--
--AND LONGED WITH ALL HIS HEART TO TAKE PART IN PERSON IN ITS STIR AND FREEDOM, UNTIL HE SAW A SHOUTING MOB.
I WOULD KNOW WHAT 'TIS ABOUT!

THOU ART THE KING!
LET THE MOB BE HALTED, HAVE THE PRISONERS BROUGHT FORWARD FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING.

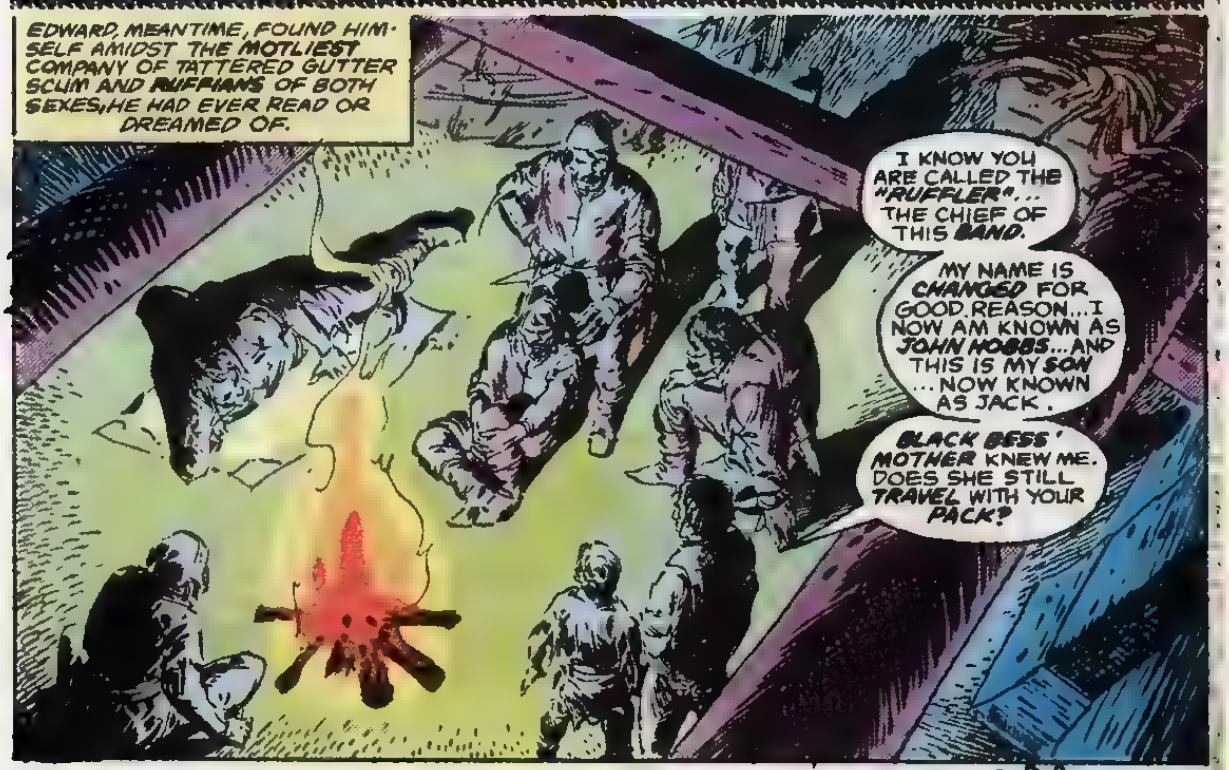

IT WOULD SEEM, YOUR MAJESTY, THESE THREE ARE TO BE EXECUTED FOR CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST THE PEACE AND DIGNITY OF THE REALM.
DEATH... AND A VIOLENT DEATH... FOR THESE POOR UNFORTUNATES. THE SPIRIT OF COMPASSION TOOK CONTROL OF TOM.

THIS STRANGER I HAVE SEEN, BEFORE I CAME TO BE LOCKED IN ROYALTY.
HE PLUCKED GILES WITT OUT OF THE THAMES AND SAVED HIS LIFE THAT BITTER FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR... A BRAVE GOOD DEED.
GOOD SIR, WHAT IS THIS MAN'S OFFENSE?
SO PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY, HE HATH TAKEN THE LIFE OF A SUBJECT BY POISON.
I AM INNOCENT NEITHER HATH BEEN MORE THAN LAMELY PROVED, YET I SPEAK NOT OF THAT.
I BEG A BOON GIVE COMMANDMENT THAT I BE HANGED--AND NOT BOILED ALIVE IN OIL!
IS IT BELIEVABLE THAT THERE WAS WARRANT FOR THIS MAN'S FEROCIOUS DOOM?
IT IS LAW, YOUR GRACE. IN ENGLAND, PRISONERS ARE LET DOWN BY A ROPE INTO THE OIL BY DEGREES, FIRST THE FEET, THEN THE LEGS, THEN--
CHANGE THIS LAW!!
OH, LET NO MORE POOR CREATURES BE VISITED WITH IT'S TORTURES.
THE EARL WAS A MAN OF MERCIFUL AND GENEROUS IMPULSES... A THING NOT VERY COMMON WITH HIS CLASS IN THAT FIERCE AGE.
THESE YOUR GRACE'S NOBLE WORDS HAVE SEALED ITS DOOM
HISTORY WILL REMEMBER IT TO THE HONOR OF YOUR ROYAL HOUSE


I WOULD LOOK INTO THIS MATTER FURTHER. THE MAN HAS SAID HIS DEED WAS BUT LAMELY PROVED.
TELL ME WHAT THOU KNOWEST.
IT DID APPEAR UPON THE TRIAL THAT THIS MAN ENTERED INTO A HOUSE WHERE ONE LAY SICK.
THE SICK MAN DIED WITHIN THE HOUR, BEING TORN WITH SPASMS AND RETCHINGS.
DID ANY SEE THE POISON GIVEN? WAS POISON FOUND?
MARRY, NO MY LIEGE.
HOW DOTH ONE KNOW THERE WAS POISON GIVEN AT ALL?
THE DOCTORS TESTIFIED THAT NONE DIE WITH SUCH SYMPTOMS BUT BY POISON.
WEIGHTY EVIDENCE, THIS... IN THAT SIMPLE AGE.
PEACE! SHERIFF, NAME THE DAY THE DEED WAS DONE!
AT TEN IN THE MORNING, OR SOME MINUTES LATER, THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR...
MY KING, HAD I FRIENDS, I COULD SHOW THAT WHILST THEY SAY I WAS TAKING A LIFE... I WAS SAVING IT. A DROWNING BOY--
LET THE PRISONER GO FREE... IT IS THE KING'S WILL!
IT ENRAGETH ME THAT A MAN SHOULD BE HANGED UPON SUCH IDLE MARE-BRAINED EVIDENCE!
A LOW BUZZ OF ADMIRATION SWEPT THROUGH THE ASSEMBLAGE.
SOME OF THE LOW-VOICED REMARKS WERE TO THIS EFFECT: "THIS IS NO MAD KING; HE HATH HIS WITS SOUND. HOW SANELY HE PUT HIS QUESTIONS."

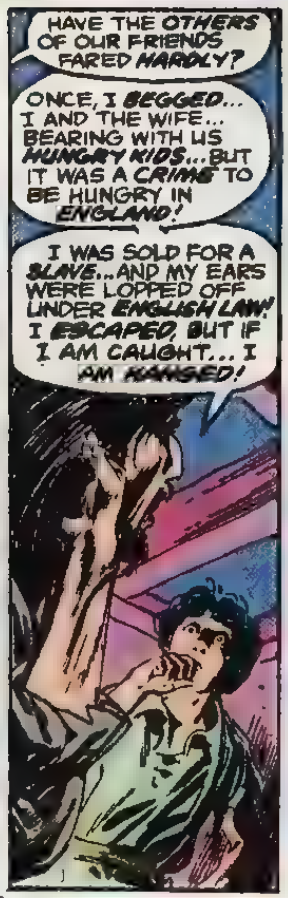
WHAT IS IT THESE HAVE DONE?
THEY DID INVOKE AND BRING ABOUT A STORM THAT WASTED ALL THE REGION ROUND ABOUT. ABOVE FORTY WITNESSES HAVE PROVED THE STORM.
HOW WROUGHT THEY TO BRING THIS STORM?
BY PULLING OFF THEIR STOCKINGS, SIRE.
HATH IT ALWAYS THIS DREAD EFFECT?
ALWAYS, MY LIEGE, AT LEAST IF THE WOMAN DREAMS IT AND UTTER THE NEEDFUL WORDS.. EITHER IN HER MIND OR WITH HER TONGUE.
EXERT THY POWER, I WOULD SEE A STORM!
THERE WAS A SUDDEN PALING OF CHEEKS IN THE SUPERSTITIOUS ASSEMBLAGE.
NEVER FEAR. THOU SHALT BE BLAMELESS. MORE, THOU SHALT GO FREE.
IT IS ARGUMENT THAT OTHER MOTHERS ARE MADE IN LIKE MOLD. IF SHE CAN PRODUCE A STORM, SHE WILL, TO SAVE HER DAUGHTER.
SHE DID HER BEST TO REWARD THE KING'S GENEROSITY WITH AN EARTHQUAKE, BUT IT WAS ALL A FAILURE.
THY POWER IS DEPARTED OUT OF THEE. GO THY WAY IN PEACE--
--AND IF IT RETURN TO THEE AT ANY TIME, FORGET ME NOT, BUT FETCH ME A STORM.

P R I N C E


EDWARD, MEANTIME, FOUND HIMSELF AMIDST THE MOTLIEST COMPANY OF TATTERED GUTTER SCUM AND RUFFIANS OF BOTH SEXES, HE HAD EVER READ OR DREAMED OF.
I KNOW YOU ARE CALLED THE "RUFFLER"... THE CHIEF OF THIS BAND.
MY NAME IS CHANGED FOR GOOD REASON... I NOW AM KNOWN AS JOHN HOBBS... AND THIS IS MY SON ... NOW KNOWN AS JACK.
BLACK BESS' MOTHER KNEW ME. DOES SHE STILL TRAVEL WITH YOUR PACK?

BLACK BESS' MOTHER'S GIFT OF PALMISTRY BEGOT HER A WITCH'S FAME. THE LAW ROASTED HER TO DEATH AT A SLOW FIRE.
IT DID TOUCH ME TO A SORT OF TENDERNESS TO HEAR HER CURSING THE CROWD THAT GAPED AROUND HER.

ALACK, HER ART DIED WITH HER.
THOU DIDST NEVER HEAR SO MASTERFUL A CURSING.
THE RUFFLER SIGHED IN SYMPATHY. AS IN CASES LIKE TO THIS, WHEN GENIUS AND CULTURE DEPART AND LEAVE NO HEIR, THEY MOURNED.


HAVE THE OTHERS OF OUR FRIENDS FARED HARDLY?
ONCE, I BEGGED... I AND THE WIFE... BEARING WITH US HUNGRY KIDS... BUT IT WAS A CRIME TO BE HUNGRY IN ENGLAND!
I WAS SOLD FOR A SLAVE... AND MY EARS WERE LOPPED OFF UNDER ENGLISH LAW! I ESCAPED, BUT IF I AM CAUGHT... I AM HANGED!

THOU SHALT NOT!
AND THIS DAY THE END OF THAT LAW IS COME!

WHO IS IT? WHO ART THOU, MANIKIN?
I AM EDWARD! KING OF ENGLAND!
A WILD BURST OF LAUGHTER FOLLOWED, PARTLY OF DERISION AND PARTLY OF DELIGHT IN THE EXCELLENCE OF THE JOKE.
YE MANNERLESS VAGRANTS, IS THIS YOUR RECOGNITION OF THE ROYAL BOON I HAVE PROMISED?
MATES, HE IS MY SON, A DREAMER AND STARK MAD... MIND HIM NOT... HE THINKETH HE IS THE KING.
I AM THE KING... AS THOU SHALT KNOW TO THY COST, IN GOOD TIME.
ROBE HIM!
THOU MUST MAKE NO THREATS AGAINST THY MATES, LAD. BE KING, BUT BE NOT MANFUL IN IT. NONE AMONG US IS SO BASE AS TO BE TRAITOR TO HIS KING.
HUMOR THY FANCY IF THOU MUST, BUT CHOOSE SOME OTHER TITLE.
CALL HIM FOO-FOO THE FIRST, KING OF THE MOON-CALVES!
THRONE HIM!
CROWN HIM!

THE NEXT DAY THE CREW SCATTERED THEMSELVES ABROAD TO ENTER THE VILLAGE AT DIFFERENT POINTS TO PLY THEIR VARIOUS TRADES.
I SEE NAUGHT TO STEAL... THEREFORE, WE WILL BEG!
WE, FORSOOTH!
FOLLOW THY TRADE ...IT BEFITS THEE! BUT I WILL NOT BEG!
SPARE THY COMPLIMENTS. NOW HARKEE, MATE... YOU WILL NOT ROB, YOU WILL NOT BEG, SO BE IT.
BUT I WILL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WILL DO. YOU WILL PLAY DECOY WILST I BEG
AAARRAWWW! FORGIVE ME, DEAR SIR, I AM RACKED WITH ANGUISH WHEN THESE FITS BE UPON ME.
OH, POOR SOUL, HOW HE DOTH SUFFER!
MY BROTHER AND I HAVEN'T EATEN. A PENNY, DEAR SIR, TO BUY A LITTLE FOOD.
A PENNY... THOU SHALT HAVE THREE, THOU HAPLESS CREATURE.
I AM NOT HIS BROTHER!
HEAR HIM! HE DENIES HIS OWN BROTHER.
BOY, THOU ART INDEED HARD OF HEART IF THIS IS THY BROTHER.
HE IS A BEGGAR AND THIEF! HE HAS GOT YOUR MONEY AND HAS PICKED YOUR POCKET LIKEWISE.
THE MOURNFUL SOUNDS OF THE CAMP THAT NIGHT WERE REMOTE.
THEY MADE THE LITTLE KING FEEL THAT ALL LIFE AND ACTIVITY WERE FAR REMOVED FROM HIM AND THAT HE STOOD SOLITARY, COMPANIONLESS, IN THE CENTER OF MEASURELESS SOLITUDE.

AFTER THE VILLAGE INCIDENT, HUGO DID WHAT HE COULD TO MAKE THE BOY UNCOMFORTABLE--
--AND AT NIGHT, DURING THE COSTOMARY ORGIES, HE AMUSED THE COMPANY BY PUTTING SMALL INDIGNITIES UPON EDWARD...AS IF BY ACCIDENT.
THE THIRD TIME HUGO ENTERTAINED HIMSELF IN THAT WAY--
SWO-WHOCK!
--THE KING FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND WITH CUDGEL.
HUGO, WITH ANGER AND SHAME, SPRANG UP AND CAME AT HIS SMALL ADVERSARY IN A FURY. INSTANTLY, A RING WAS FORMED AROUND THE GLADIATORS.
BUT POOR HUGO STOOD NO CHANCE WHATEVER.
HE WAS PITTED AGAINST AN ARM WHICH HAD BEEN TRAINED BY THE FINEST MASTERS OF EUROPE IN SINGLE-STICK QUARTER STAFF.
THRASH!!
THE MOTLEY ONLOOKERS WENT WILD WITH ADMIRATION.
THEY CALLED HIM KING OF THE GAMECOCKS NOW, HIS MEANER TITLE CANCELLED.
EDWARD WAS SEIZED AND BORN ALOFT UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THE JOYOUS RABBLE.

THE MORNING AFTER THAT COMBAT, HUGO GOT UP WITH A HEART FILLED WITH VENGEFUL PURPOSES AGAINST THE KING.
HUGO PLANNED A RAID FOR THAT VERY AFTERNOON, PURPOSING TO GET THE KING IN THE LAW'S GRIP IN COURSE OF IT!
TARRY HERE, KING OF THE GAMECOCK'S, TILL I COME AGAIN.
THE KING'S HEART WAS FILLED WITH JOY: HE COULD MAKE HIS ESCAPE NOW IF HUGO'S GUEST ONLY CARRIED HIM FAR ENOUGH AWAY.
BUT ME WAS TO HAVE NO SUCH LUCK.
THIEF! HE'S A THIEF!
THOU FOOLISH CREATURE, IT WAS NOT I THAT BEREAVED THEE OF THY PALTRY GOODS.
WE WILL TROUNCE HIM WELL FOR A LESSON
MARRY, GOOD SOULS, LET US PROCEED GENTLY, NOT WITH ILL BLOOD AND UNCHARITABLE WORDS.
THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE LAW'S CONSIDERATION, NOT PRIVATE AND UNOFFICIAL MANDLING.
KU-SWATT!
THOU HAST LAGGED SORELY, BUT THOU COMEST IN GOOD SEASON, NOW, SIR MILES.
CARVE ME THIS RIDDLE TO RIGS!

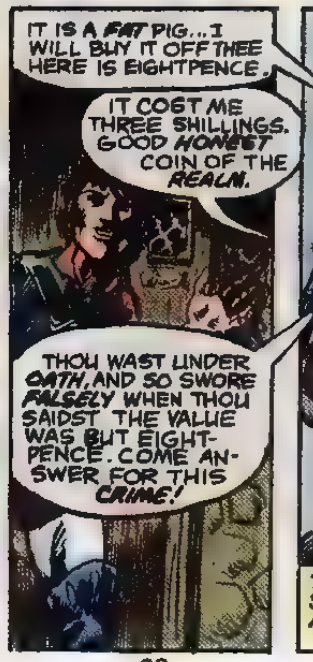
GENTLY, GOOD FRIEND, HE SHALL GO PEACE-FULLY.
AN EMPTY TITLE IS MINE, YET I THINK IT IS MORE HONOR TO BE HELD WORTHY TO BE A SPECTER-KNIGHT IN HIS KINGDOM OF DREAMS AND SHADOWS--
--THAN TO BE HELD BASE ENOUGH TO BE AN EARL IN SOME OF THE REAL KING-DOMS OF THIS WORLD.

GOOD WOMAN, WHAT DOST THOU HOLD THIS PROPERTY TO BE WORTH?
THREE SHILLINGS AND EIGHTPENCE, YOUR WORSHIP.

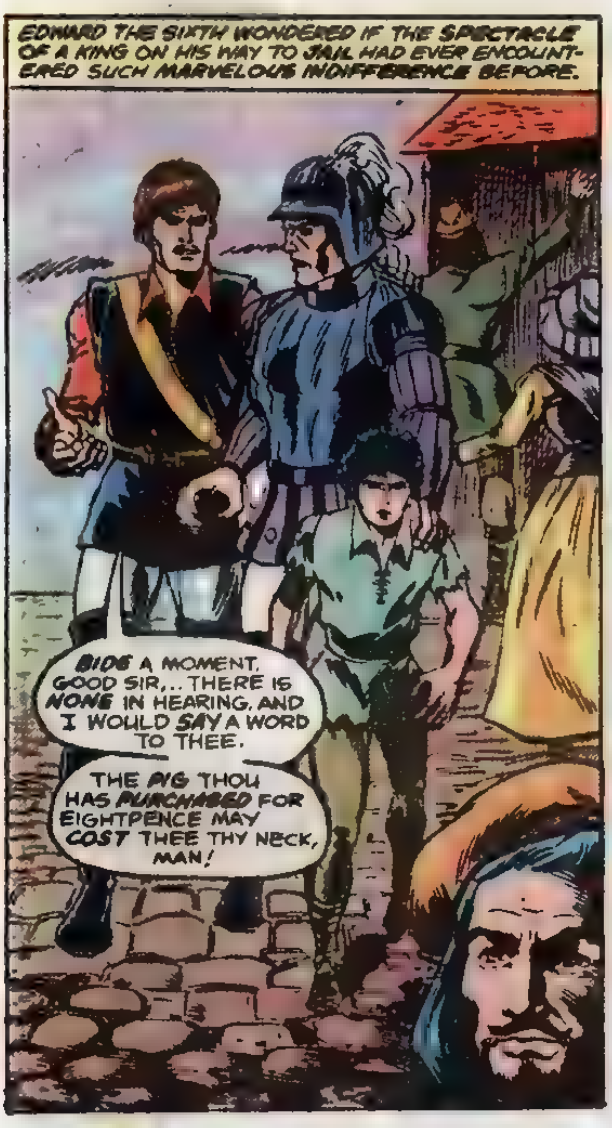
DOST KNOW THAT WHEN ONE STEALS A THING ABOVE THE VALUE OF THIRTEEN PENCE HA' PENNY--
--THE LAW SAITH HE SHALL--
--HANG FOR IT!

GOD-A-MERCY, I WOULD NOT HANG THE POOR THING FOR THE WHOLE WORLD!
DOUBTLESS IT IS ALLOWABLE TO REVISE THE VALUE OF THE PROPERTY.
THEN IN GOD'S NAME, CALL THE PIG EIGHTPENCE.

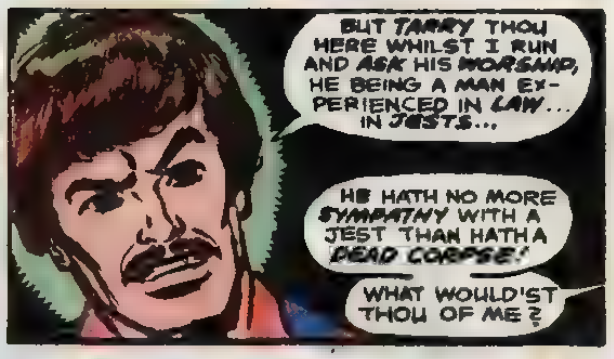
THE WOMAN MADE A GRATEFUL ADIEUX, AND THE CONSTABLE FOLLOWED HER.
HENDON, ALWAYS ALERT, THOUGHT HE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE OFFICER FOLLOWED THE WOMAN OUT.

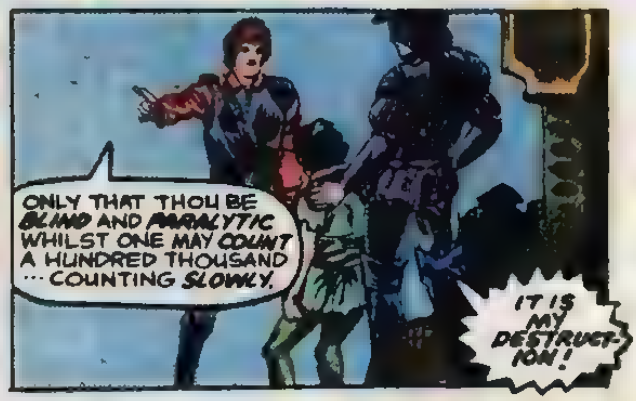

IT IS A FAT PIG...I WILL BUY IT OFF THEE HERE IS EIGHTPENCE.
IT COST ME THREE SHILLINGS. GOOD HONEST COIN OF THE REALM.
THOU WAST UNDER OATH, AND SO SWORE FALSELY WHEN THOU SAIDST THE VALUE WAS BUT EIGHT-PENCE. COME AN-SWER FOR THIS CRIME!

SAY NO MORE, I AM CONTENT. GIVE ME THE EIGHTPENCE.
THE WOMAN WENT OFF CRYING...HENDON SLIPPED BACK INTO THE COURTROOM, AND THE CONSTABLE PRESENTLY FOLLOWED.


EDWARD THE SIXTH WONDERED IF THE SPECTACLE OF A KING ON HIS WAY TO JAIL HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH MARVELOUS INDIFFERENCE BEFORE.
BIDE A MOMENT, GOOD SIR,.. THERE IS NONE IN HEARING, AND I WOULD SAY A WORD TO THEE.
THE PIG THOU HAS PURCHASED FOR EIGHTPENCE MAY COST THEE THY NECK, MAN!

I BUT PLAGUED THE WOMAN FOR SOME AMUSEMENT.
'TWAS BUT A JEST.
I DO BEGIN TO BELIEVE THE.


BUT TARRY THOU HERE WHILST I RUN AND ASK HIS WORSHIP, HE BEING A MAN EXPERIENCED IN LAW... IN JESTS...
HE HATH NO MORE SYMPATHY WITH A JEST THAN HATH A DEAD CORPSE!
WHAT WOULD'ST THOU OF ME?


ONLY THAT THOU BE BLIND AND PARALYTIC WHILST ONE MAY COUNT A HUNDRED THOUSAND ... COUNTING SLOWLY.
IT IS MY DESTRUCTION!

THIS JEST OF THINE HATH A NAME IN LAW ... AND THE PENALTY IS DEATH!
SPARE ME THIS DOOM, AND I WILL TURN MY BACK... AND SEE NAUGHT THAT SHALL HAPPEN.

NOW THOU'RT WISE AND REASONABLE, AND THOU'LT RESTORE THE PIG?
I WILL... I WILL INDEED ... NOR EVER TOUCH ANOTHER

DURING THE LAST DAY OF MILES AND EDWARD'S TRIP TO HENDON MILL, HENDON'S SPIRITS WERE SOARING. HE TALKED ABOUT HIS OLD FATHER AND HIS BROTHER, ARTHUR.
HE WENT INTO LOVING FRENZIES OVER HIS EDITH.
HE WAS EVEN ABLE TO SAY SOME BROTHERLY THINGS ABOUT HUGH.
EMBRACE ME, HUGH... I AM HOME AGAIN... AND CALL OUR FATHER ...FOR HOME IS NOT HOME TILL I SHALL TOUCH HIS HAND!
THY WITS SEEM TOUCHED, POOR STRANGER! WE HAD REPORTS MY BROTHER WAS DEAD. CAN THE DEAD COME TO LIFE?
CALL THY FATHER... HE WILL KNOW ME.
ONE MAY NOT CALL THE DEAD.
MY FATHER DEAD! HALF MY JOY IS WITHERED NOW!
PRITHEE, LET ME SEE MY BROTHER, ARTHUR.
HE IS ALSO DEAD. WE WILL LET THE LADY EDITH DECIDE ...AFTER I TALK WITH HER.
OH, MY EDITH, MY DARLING...
DO YOU KNOW HIM?
I KNOW HIM--
HER FACE WAS UNSPEAKABLY SAD.
--NOT.

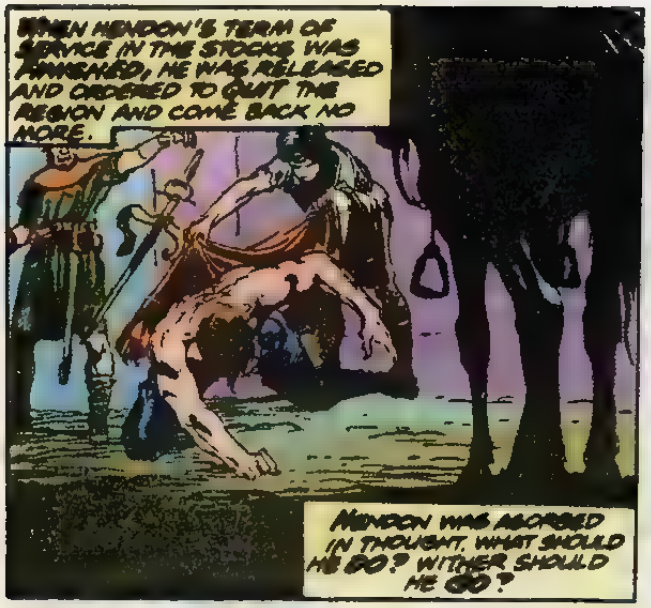
SHE TURNED WITH A MOAN, AND TOTTERED OUT OF THE ROOM.
YOU HAVE SEEN THAT MY WIFE KNEW YOU NOT.
THY WIFE!
OH, THOU FOX-HEARTED SLAVE! I SEE IT ALL! THOU'ST WRIT THE LETTER OF MY DEATH, AND MY STOLEN BRIDE AND GOODS ARE ITS FRUIT.
THERE, NOW GET THEE GONE, LEST I SHAME MINE HONORABLE SOLDIERSHIP WITH THE SLAYING OF SO PITIFUL A MANIKIN!
SEIZE AND BIND THIS MURDEROUS STRANGER!
HE IS ARMED, SIR HUGH... AND WE ARE WEAPONLESS.
THEN GO ARM YOURSELVES. AND YOU... DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE.
ESCAPE? IS THAT ALL THAT TROUBLES THEE? MILES HENDON IS MASTER OF HENDON HALL.
HE WILL REMAIN...
...DOUBT IT NOT.

SIR MILES, I WILL RIGHT THEE. I WILL WRITE A LETTER, IN THREE LANGUAGES TO LORD HERTFORD AND HE WILL...
I THINK I BEGIN TO SEE.
PERADVENTURE HE HATH COMPELLED HER TO LIE. THAT IS THE SOLUTION! THE RIDDLE IN UNRIDDLED.
SHE WAS UNDER HIS COMPULSION.
SIR, I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU. MY HUSBAND IS MASTER IN THIS REGION... THE PEOPLE PROSPER OR STARVE AS HE WILLS.
I WARN YOU TO GO HENCE. THIS MAN WILL DESTROY YOU, ELSE.
HE IS A TYRANT WHO KNOWS NO PITY, I, WHO AM HIS FETTERED SLAVE, KNOW THIS.
GRANT ME ONE THING. LET YOUR EYES REST UPON MINE SO THAT I MAY SEE IF THEY BE STEADY.
AM I MILES HENDON?
FLY! FLY AND SAVE YOURSELF!
AT THAT MOMENT THE CAVALIERS BURST INTO THE ROOM, AND A VIOLENT STRUGGLE BEGAN--
--BUT HENDON WAS SOON OVERPOWERED AND DRAGGED AWAY.
THE KING WAS TAKEN ALSO... AND BOTH WERE BOUND AND LED TO PRISON.

THE CELLS WERE ALL CROWDED, SO THE TWO FRIENDS WERE CHAINED IN A LARGE ROOM WHERE PERSONS CHARGED WITH TRIFLING OFFENSES WERE COMMONLY KEPT.
MILES WANTED TO LOAD LADY EDITH'S NAME WITH CURSES NOW, BUT THIS NAME HAD SO LONG BEEN SACRED TO HIM THAT HE FOUND HE COULD NOT BRING HIS TONGUE TO PROFANE IT.
THIS IS BLAKE ANDREWS, EDWARD... A SERVANT ALL HIS LIFE IN MY FATHER'S FAMILY.
I HAD TO SPEAK TO YOU! THE LATE KING IS TO BE BURIED AT WINDSOR--
ON THE SIXTEENTH OF THE MONTH...AND THE NEW KING WILL BE CROWNED AT WESTMINSTER THE TWENTIETH.
SIR HUGH GOETH TO THE CORONATION...
HE CONFIDENTLY LOOKS TO COME BACK A PEER, FOR HE IS IN HIGH FAVOR WITH THE LORD PROTECTOR... THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.
WHO MADE THIS MAN A DUKE?
HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY, KING EDWARD THE SIXTH...A DEAR LITTLE URCHIN HE IS, TOO.
HIS PRAISES ARE ON ALL MEN'S LIPS.
MENDON'S ARTS ALL FAILED TO COMFORT THE KING...BUT A COUPLE OF WOMEN WHO WERE CHAINED NEAR HIM SUCCEEDED BETTER.
WHY ARE YOU IN PRISON, MY LADIES?
WE ARE BAPTISTS.
IS THAT A CRIME TO BE SHUT UP FOR, IN A PRISON? KEEP UP THY COURAGE--
--I SHALL COME TO MY OWN IN TIME TO SAVE THEE FROM THIS BITTER THING... AND I WILL DO IT!

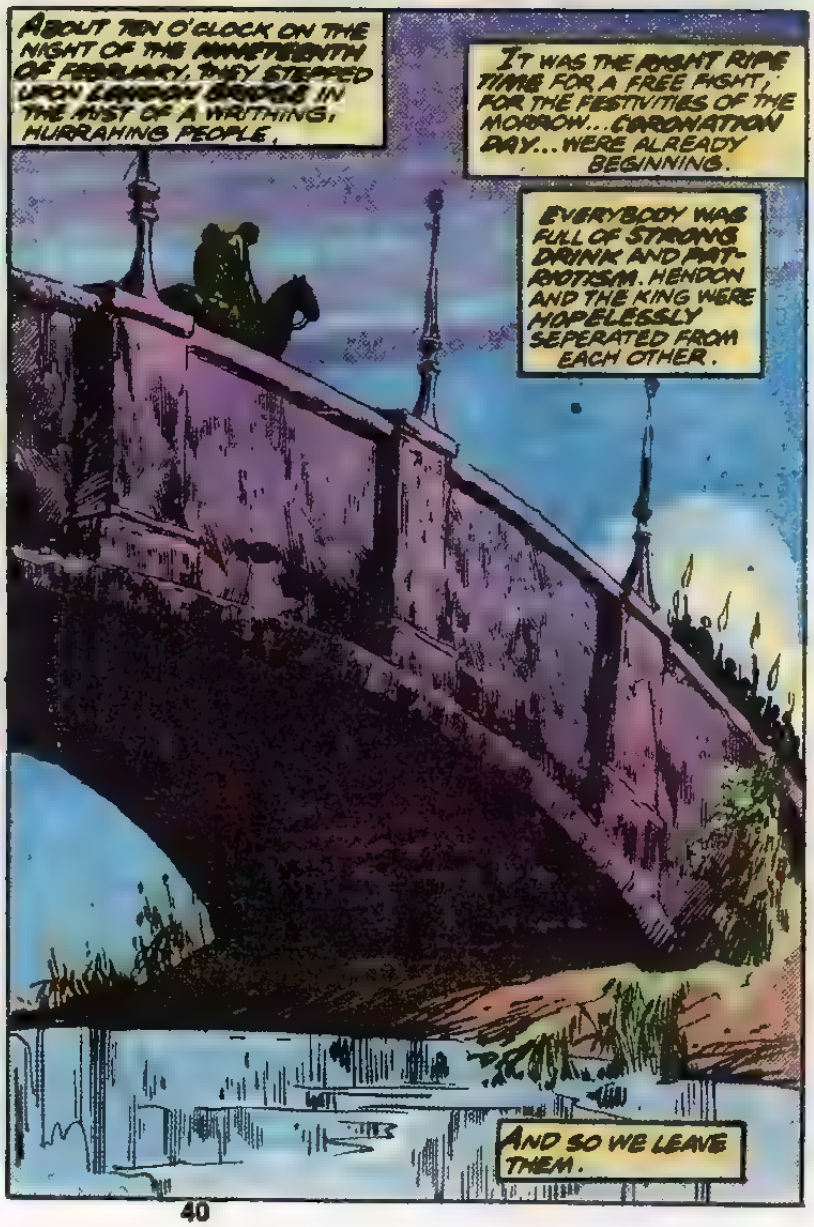
THE NEXT MORNING THE BAPTISTS WERE GONE. WHEN KING EDWARD AND MILES WERE LED OUT INTO THE STONE-PAVED COURT, THE YOUNG KING WAS OVERJOYED AT THE CHANCE TO BREATH FRESH AIR ONCE ANEW--
--UNTIL HE SAW HIS TWO FRIENDS CHAINED TO POSTS.
IT IS STRANGE THAT I... THE VERY SOURCE OF POWER IN THIS BROAD REALM, AM HELPLESS TO PROTECT THEM.
MOTHER! OH, PLEASE, MOTHER!
BUT LET THESE MISCREANTS LOOK WELL TO THEMSELVES--
--THERE IS A DAY COMING WHEN I WILL REQUIRE A HEAVY RECKONING FOR THIS WORK.
FOR EVERY BLOW THEY STRIKE NOW... THEY SHALL FEEL A HUNDRED THEN.
AND THEN THE KING SAW A SPECTACLE THAT FROZE THE MARROW IN HIS BONES.
THE HELLISH FLAMES BEGAN TO CLIMB UPWARD.
BEFORE SHE COULD BE STOPPED, THE DAUGHTER HAD FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT HER MOTHER'S NECK. SHE WAS TORN AWAY, AND HER GOWN WAS ON FIRE.
SHE BEGGED TO BE ALLOWED TO DIE WITH HER MOTHER.
THAT WHICH I HAVE SEEN WILL NEVER GO OUT OF MY MEMORY... AND I SHALL SEE IT ALL THE DAYS--
--AND DREAM OF IT ALL THE NIGHTS, TILL I DIE. WOULD GOD I HAD BEEN BLIND!
THE WORLD IS MADE WRONG... KINGS SHOULD GO TO SCHOOL TO THEIR OWN LAWS AT TIMES--
--AND SO LEARN MERCY.

MILES TRIAL CAME ON... AND HE WAS SENTENCED TO SIT TWO HOURS IN THE PILLORY FOR ASSAULTING THE MASTER OF MENDON HALL.
MILES' PRETENSIONS AS TO BROTHERSHIP WITH HIS PROSECUTOR WERE LEFT CONTEMPTUOUSLY UNNOTICED.
FOR SHAME! THIS IS MY SERVANT... SET HIM FREE! I AM THE...
OH, PEACE! THOU'LT DESTROY THYSELF. MIND HIM NOT, OFFICER, HE IS MAD.
GIVE THE LITTLE FOOL A TASTE OR TWO OF THE LASH... TO MEND HIS MANNERS.
LET THE CHILD GO, YE HEARTLESS DOGS!
I WILL MAKE HIS LASHES.
MARRY, A GOOD THOUGHT, AND HANGS FOR IT.
GIVE THIS FELLOW A DOZEN IN HIS PLACE... A HONEST DOZEN... WILL LAID ON!
AH, BRAVE GOOD HEART, THIS ASSAIL DARED SHALL NEVER PERISH OUT OF MY MEMORY.
I WILL NOT FORGET IT... AND NEITHER SHALL THEY!
MENDON MADE NO OUTCRY UNDER THE CHASTISE. THIS COMPELLED THE RESPECT OF EVEN THAT DEGRADED MOB... AND ITS GIBES AND HOOTINGS DIED AWAY.
AND NO SOUND REMAINED BUT THE SOUND OF FALLING BLOWS.
WHA-SWAK!

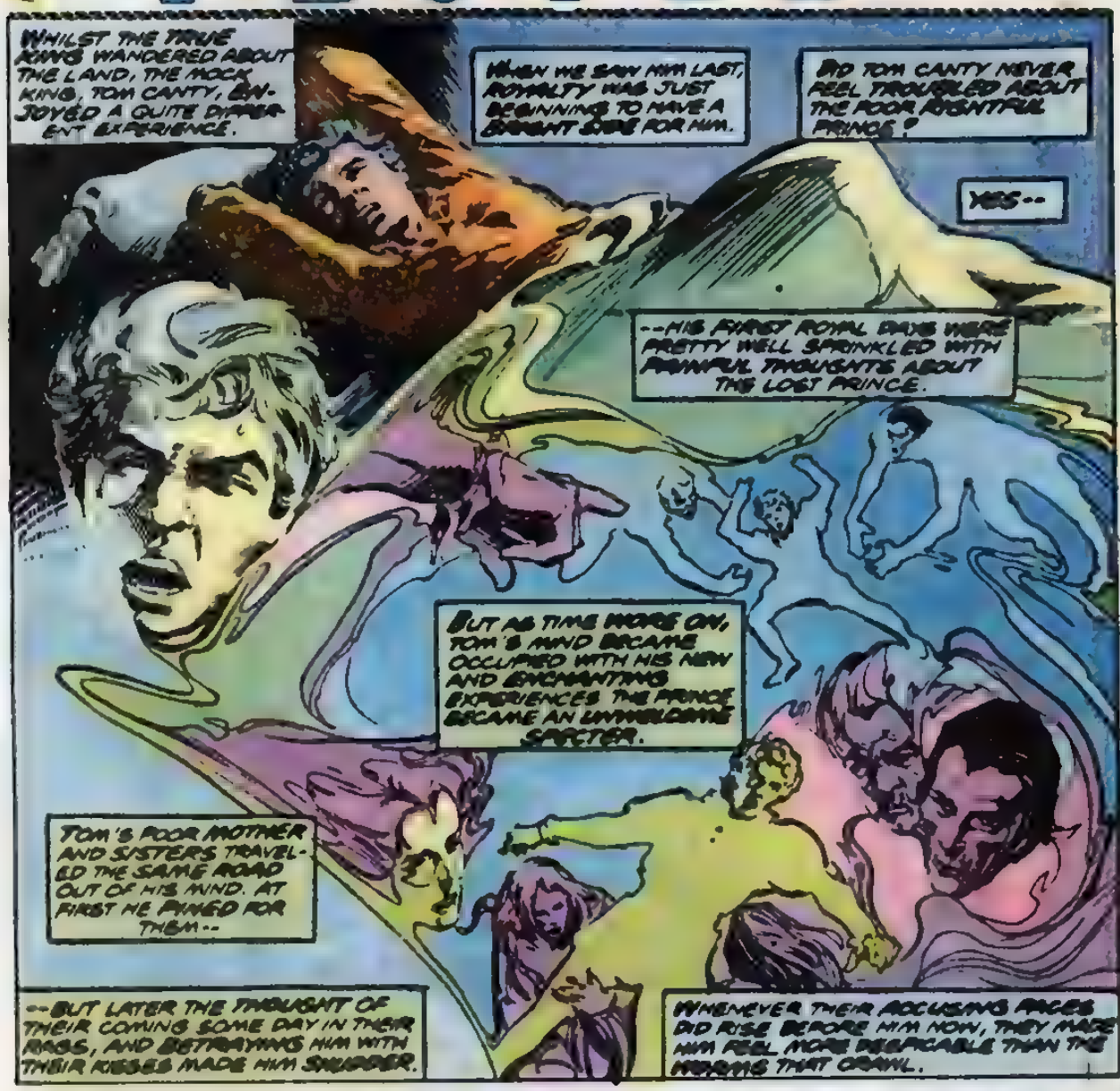

WHEN HENDON'S TERM OF SERVICE IN THE STOCKS WAS AWARDED, HE WAS RELEASED AND ORDERED TO QUIT THE REGION AND COME BACK NO MORE.
HENDON WAS ABORBED IN THOUGHT. WHAT SHOULD HE DO? WITHER SHOULD HE GO?

HE WOULD STRIKE FOR THE CAPITAL. MAYBE HIS FATHER'S OLD FRIEND SIR HUMPHREY MARLOW WOULD HELP HIM--
--"GOOD OLD SIR HUMPHERY, HEAD LIEUTENANT OF THE LATE KING'S KITCHEN--
--OR STABLES--

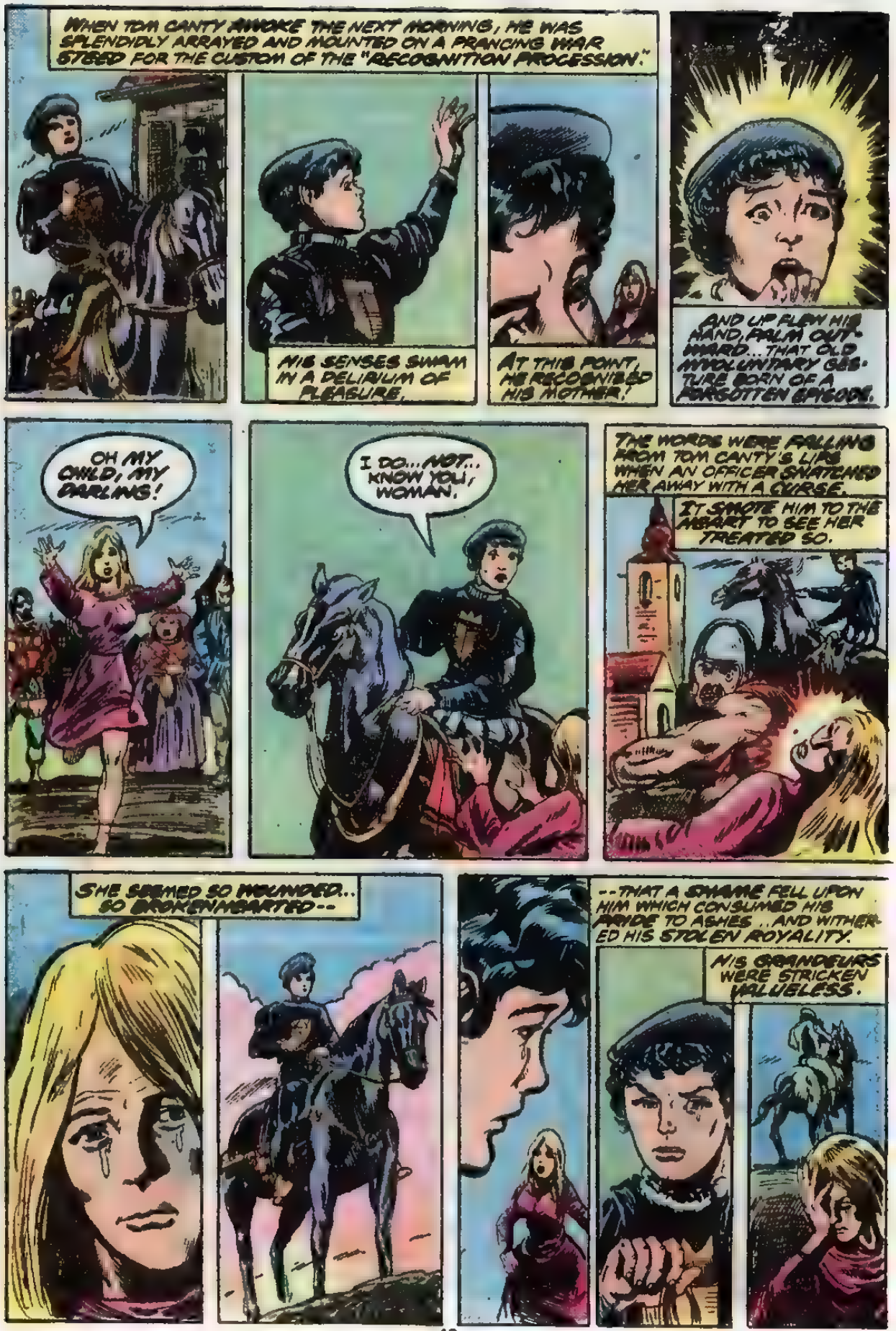
"--OR SOMETHING."
I HAD FORGOTTEN TO INQUIRE WHITHER WE ARE BOUND. THY COMMANDS, MY LIEGE!
TO LONDON!
HENDON WAS ASTOUNDED BY THE ANSWER... BUT MIGHTILY CONTENTED. THE WHOLE JOURNEY WAS MADE WITHOUT AN ADVENTURE OF IMPORTANCE... BUT IT ENDED WITH ONE!

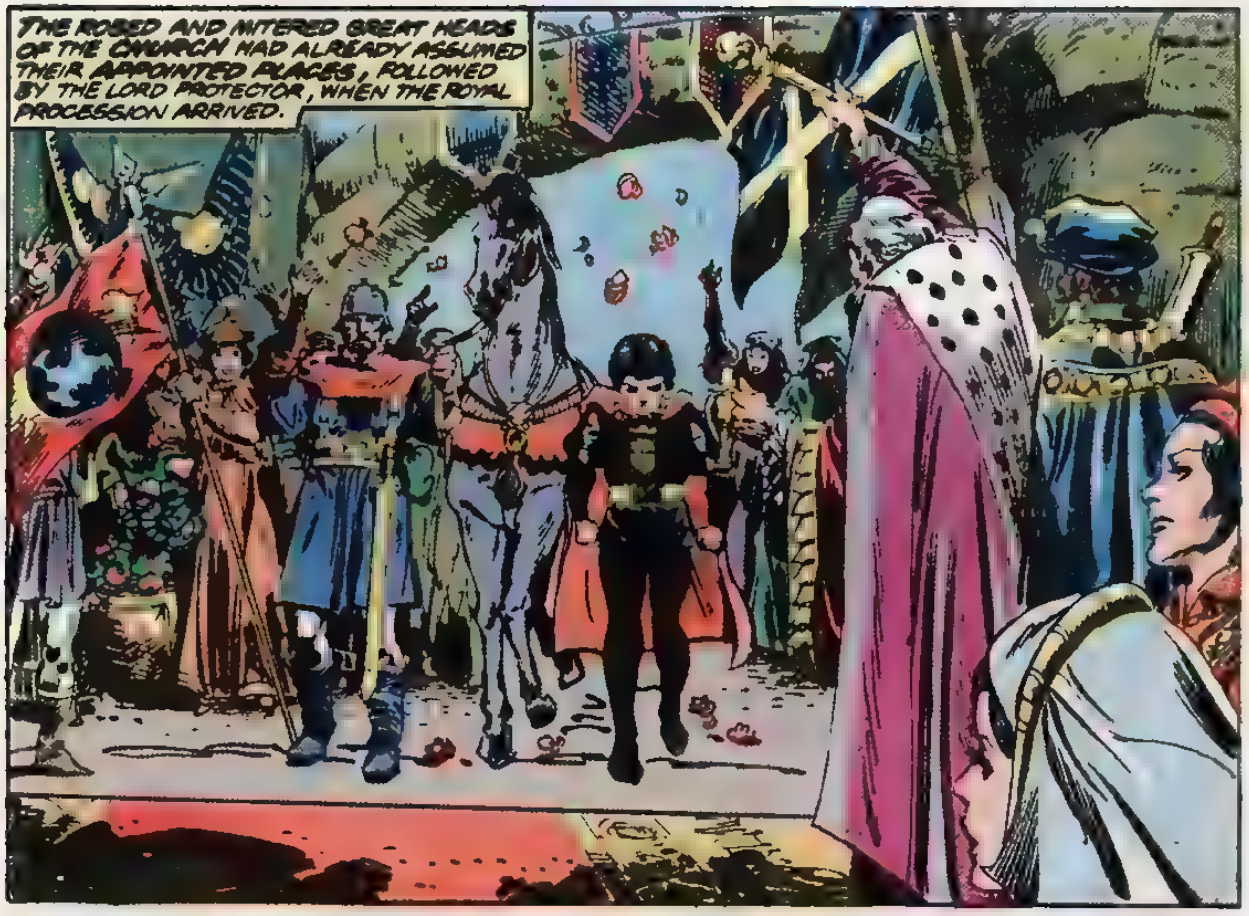

ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH OF FEBRUARY, THEY STEPPED UPON LONDON BRIDGE IN THE MIST OF A WRITHING, HURRAHING PEOPLE.
IT WAS THE RIGHT RIPE TIME FOR A FREE FIGHT, FOR THE FESTIVITIES OF THE MORROW... CORONATION DAY... WERE ALREADY BEGINNING.
EVERYBODY WAS FULL OF STRONG DRINK AND PATRIOTISM. HENDON AND THE KING WERE HOPELESSLY SEPERATED FROM EACH OTHER.
AND SO WE LEAVE THEM.

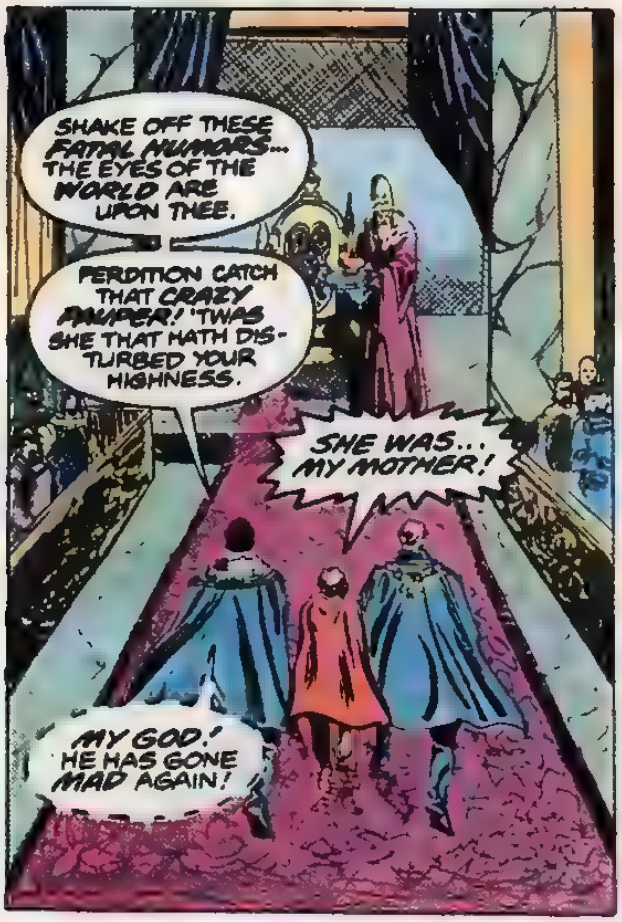
P-A-U-P-E-R


WHILST THE TRUE KING WANDERED ABOUT THE LAND, THE MOCK KING, TOM CANTY, ENJOYED A QUITE DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE.
WHEN WE SAW HIM LAST, ROYALTY WAS JUST BEGINNING TO HAVE A BRIGHT GLOW FOR HIM.
DID TOM CANTY NEVER FEEL TROUBLED ABOUT THE POOR RIGHTFUL PRINCE?
YES--
--HIS FIRST ROYAL DAYS WERE PRETTY WELL SPRINKLED WITH PAINFUL THOUGHTS ABOUT THE LOST PRINCE.
BUT AS TIME WORE ON, TOM'S MIND BECAME OCCUPIED WITH HIS NEW AND ENCHANTING EXPERIENCES. THE PRINCE BECAME AN UNWELCOME SPECTER.
TOM'S POOR MOTHER AND SISTERS TRAVELLED THE SAME ROAD OUT OF HIS MIND. AT FIRST HE PINED FOR THEM--
--BUT LATER THE THOUGHT OF THEIR COMING SOME DAY IN THEIR RAGS, AND BETRAYING HIM WITH THEIR KISSES MADE HIM SHUDDER.
WHENEVER THEIR ACCUSING FACES DID RISE BEFORE HIM NOW, THEY MADE HIM FEEL MORE DESPICABLE THAN THE WORMS THAT CRAWL.

AT MIDNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH OF FEBRUARY TOM CANTY WAS SINKING TO SLEEP IN HIS RICH BED. TOMORROW WAS THE DAY APPOINTED FOR HIS SOLEMN CROWNING AS KING OF ENGLAND.
AT THAT SAME HOUR, THE TRUE KING WAS WEDGED IN A CROWD WHO WERE WAITING FOR THE LAST PREPARATION FOR THE ROYAL CORONATION.

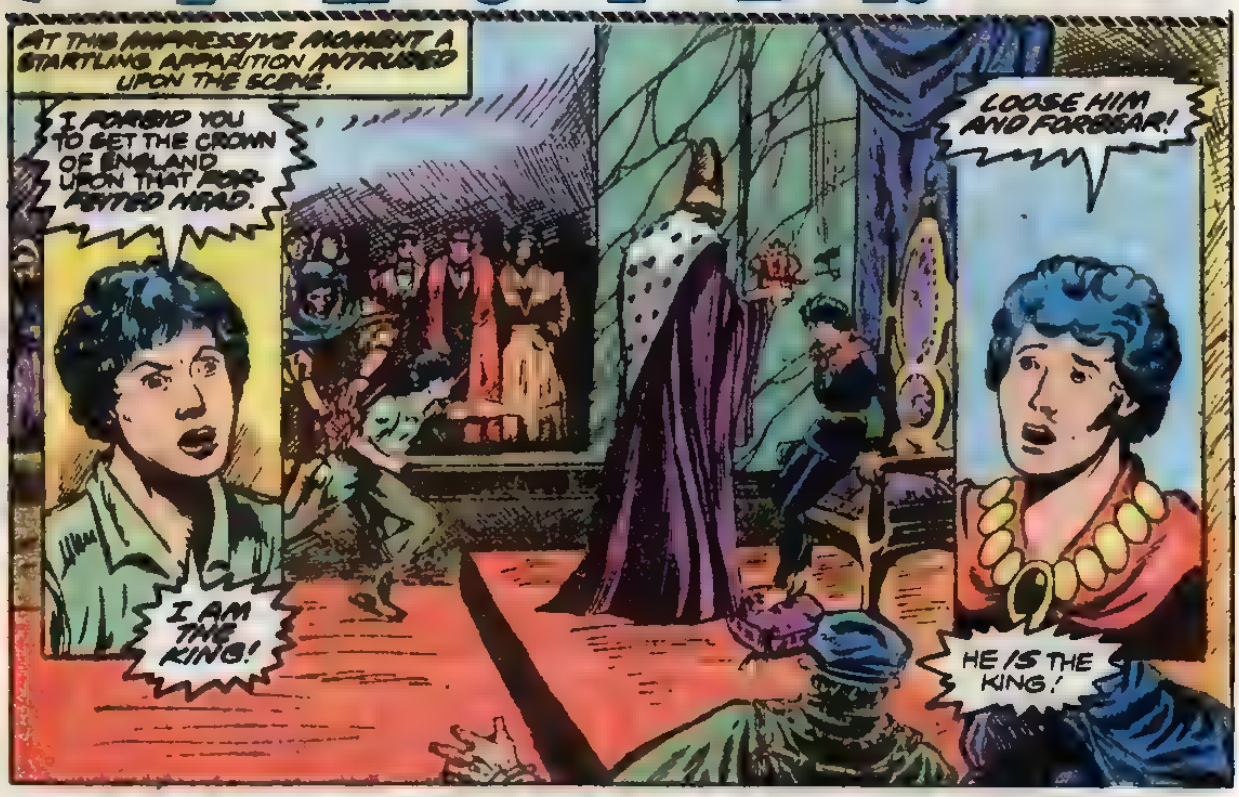

WHEN TOM CANTY AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING, HE WAS SPLENDIDLY ARRAYED AND MOUNTED ON A PRANCING WAR STEED FOR THE CUSTOM OF THE "RECOGNITION PROCESSION."
HIS SENSES SWAM IN A DELIRIUM OF PLEASURE.
AT THIS POINT, HE RECOGNISED HIS MOTHER!
AND UP FLEW HIS HAND, PALM OUTWARD... THAT OLD INVOLUNTARY GESTURE BORN OF A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.
OH MY CHILD, MY DARLING!
I DO...NOT... KNOW YOU, WOMAN.
THE WORDS WERE FALLING FROM TOM CANTY'S LIPS WHEN AN OFFICER SNATCHED HER AWAY WITH A CURSE.
IT SMOTE HIM TO THE HEART TO SEE HER TREATED SO.
SHE SEEMED SO WOUNDED... SO BROKENHEARTED--
--THAT A SHAME FELL UPON HIM WHICH CONSUMED HIS PRIDE TO ASHES ..AND WITHERED HIS STOLEN ROYALITY.
HIS GRANDEURS WERE STRICKEN VALUELESS.


THE ROBED AND MITERED GREAT HEADS OF THE CHURCH HAD ALREADY ASSUMED THEIR APPOINTED PLACES, FOLLOWED BY THE LORD PROTECTOR, WHEN THE ROYAL PROCESSION ARRIVED.

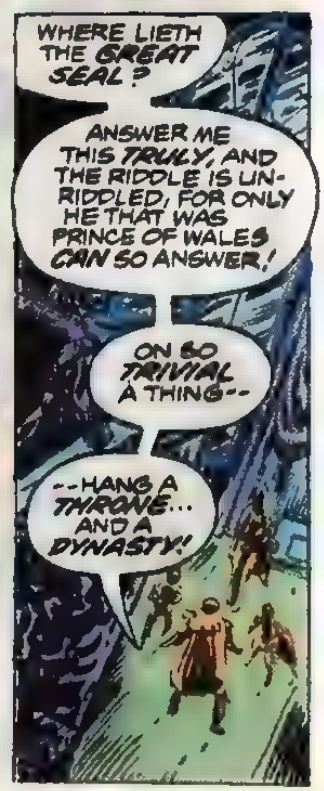

SHAKE OFF THESE FATAL HUMORS... THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE UPON THEE.
PERDITION CATCH THAT CRAZY PAUPER! 'TWAS SHE THAT HATH DISTURBED YOUR HIGHNESS.
SHE WAS... MY MOTHER!
MY GOD! HE HAS GONE MAD AGAIN!

AT LAST THE FINAL ACT WAS AT HAND.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY LIFTED UP THE CROWN OF ENGLAND AND HELD IT OUT OVER THE TREMBLING MOCK KING'S HEAD.
A DEEP HUSH PERVADED WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PRINCE PAUPER


AT THIS AGGRESSIVE MOMENT A STARTLING APPARITION INTRUDED UPON THE SCENE.
I FORBID YOU TO SET THE CROWN OF ENGLAND UPON THAT FOR-BEYTED HEAD.
I AM THE KING!
LOOSE HIM AND FORBEAR!
HE IS THE KING!

ON YOUR PERIL! TOUCH HIM NOT... HE IS THE KING!
OH, MY LORD THE KING, LET POOR TOM CANTY BE FIRST TO SWEAR FEALTY TO THEE AND SAY, 'PUT ON THY CROWN AND ENTER INTO THINE OWN AGAIN'.


WHERE LIETH THE GREAT SEAL?
ANSWER ME THIS TRULY, AND THE RIDDLE IS UN-RIDDLED, FOR ONLY HE THAT WAS PRINCE OF WALES CAN SO ANSWER!
SO TRIVIAL A THING--
--HANG A THRONE... AND A DYNASTY!

IT WAS A LUCKY THOUGHT. THAT IT WAS SO CONSIDERED BY THE GREAT OFFICIALS WAS MANIFESTED BY THE SILENT APPLAUSE THAT SHOT FROM EYE TO EYE.
THERE IS NOUGHT IN THIS RIDDLE THAT IS DIFFICULT. MY LORD ST. JOHN, GO YOU TO MY PRIVATE CABINET IN THE PALACE... PRESS THE BRAZEN NAILHEAD CLOSE TO THE FLOOR--
--AND A LITTLE JEWEL CLOSET WILL FLY OPEN WHICH NOT EVEN YOU KNOW!
THE GREAT SEAL WILL FALL UNDER YOUR EYE... FETCH IT HITHER.
NOW THE LORD ST. JOHN WAS SEEN RETURNING. EVERY EYE WAS UPON HIM AS HE MOVED ALONG.
SIRE, THE SEAL--
--IS NOT THERE!

BACK!
WHO TOUCHES HIM, PERILS HIS LIFE!
SEARCHED YOU WELL? HOW SO BULKY A THING AS THE SEAL OF ENGLAND CAN VANISH AWAY AND NO MAN ABLE TO GET TRACK OF IT AGAIN... A MASSIVE GOLDEN DISK...
HOLD, THAT IS ENOUGH. WAS IT ROUND? AND THICK?
HAD YE DESCRIBED IT TO ME, YE COULD HAVE HAD IT THREE WEEKS AGO!
RIGHT WELL I KNOW WHERE IT LIES, BUT IT WAS NOT I THAT PUT IT THERE--FIRST THE RIGHTFUL KING OF ENGLAND DID.
SPUR THY MEMORY, MY KING... IT WAS THE LAST THINGS THOU DIDST THAT DAY BEFORE THOU DIDST RUSH FORTH FROM THE PALACE, CLOTHED IN MY RAGS.
THERE, 'TIS STUFF'D-GUPVT! GO, MY GOOD ST. JOHN... IN AN ARM-PIECE OF THE MILANESE ARMOR THAT HANGS ON THE WALL THOU'LT FIND IT!
HOW CAME YOU THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND?
TO CRACK NUTS WITH!

MILES HENDON WAS ENTIRELY BEWILDERED.
LO, THE LORD OF THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS AND SHADOWS ON HIS THRONE.
BUT THESE ARE REAL... SURELY IT IS NOT A DREAM.

TOUCH HIM NOT!
LEARN YE ALL, LADIES, LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, THAT THIS IS MY TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED SERVANT MILES HENDON--
--WHO INTERPOSED HIS GOOD SWORD AND SAVED HIS PRINCE'S LIFE. FOR THIS... HE IS A KNIGHT, BY THE KING'S VOICE.
ALSO LEARN THAT FOR A HIGHER SERVICE, IN THAT HE SAVED HIS SOVEREIGN SOMAME... HIS [illegible] OF ENGLAND--
--EARL OF KENT... AND SHALL HAVE GOLD AND LANDS MEET FOR THE DIGNITY.

STRIP THAT RUBBER OF HIS FALSE SHOW AND STOLEN ESTATES--
--AND PUT HIM UNDER LOCK AND KEY TILL I HAVE NEED OF HIM.

THE LATE SIR HUGH WAS LED AWAY.

Conclusion: Justice and Retribution

The King commanded that Tom had been loyal in his time, and non shall deny him his due reverence, that Tom had the throne's protection, and should be known by the title of "King's Ward."

Tom did not waste any time, but flew to his mother to tell her and Nan and Bet all about it and get them to help him enjoy the great news.

When the mysteries were all cleared up, it came out by confession of Hugh Hendon that his wife had repudiated Miles by his command. Hugh promised if she did not deny that he was Miles Hendon, Hugh would have Miles assassinated!

Hugh was not prosecuted for his threats because the wife and brother would not testify against him. Hugh deserted his wife and went over to the Continent, where he presently died; and by and by Miles married Edith.

Tom Canty's father was never heard from again.

As long as the king lived he was fond of telling the story of his adventures. He said that the frequent rehearsing of the precious lesson kept him strong in his purpose to make its teachings yield benefits to his people.

Miles Hendon and Tom Canty were favorites of the king all through his brief reign, and his sincere mourners when he died.

Yes, King Edward VI lived only a few years, poor boy, but he lived them worthily.

The reign of Edward VI was a singularly merciful one for those harsh times. Now that we are taking leave of him, let us try to keep this in our minds, to his credit.

ON SALE NOW!

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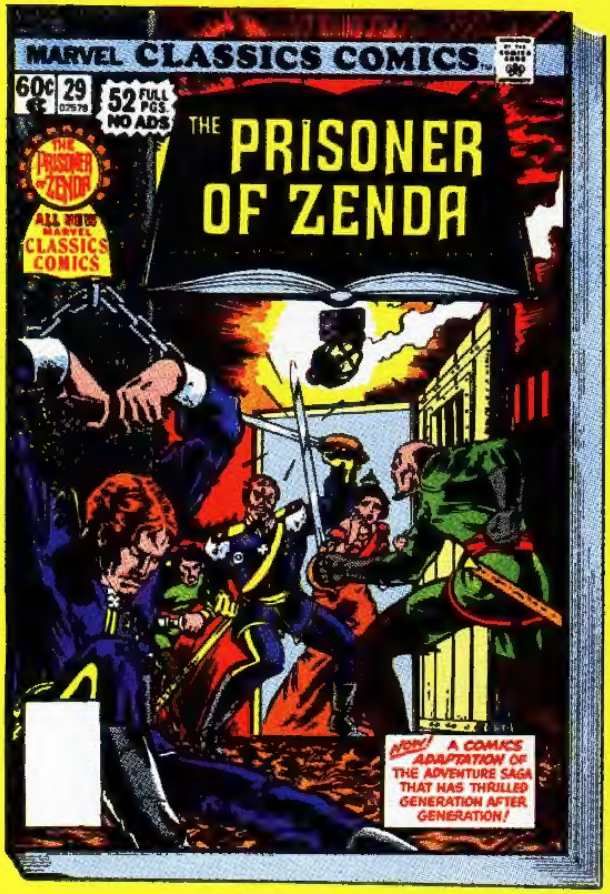
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